

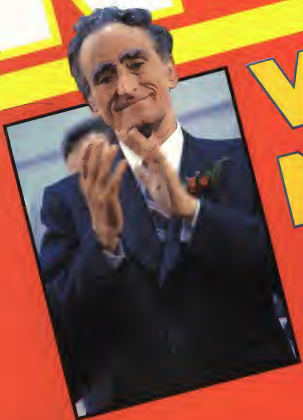
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 26, 1980 / \$1.00

NON



WHAT NOW?



There are few cars worth comparing it to.

Such comparison statements are usually more easily made than substantiated. In the case of the Prelude, we have some authoritative substantiation. It comes from Brock Yates, former Senior Editor of Car & Driver magazine, expert commentator on automotive events for ABC's Wide World of Sports and free-lance automotive journalist.

In an article in the March, 1980 Motor Trend magazine here's what he had to say: "The Prelude is, by any sane measurement, a splendid automobile I know, I own one. The machine, like all Hondas, embodies liberation that is, in my opinion, surpassed only by the narrowest of margins by Mercedes-Benz."

"Like the Accord I owned before it, the dream-like nature of the Prelude made an immediate impact. The detailing of the paint, the fit of the door panels, the operation of the window lifts, latches, etc., all represented quality not to be found in a number of cars costing twice as much."

While the points Brock Yates makes about quality are interesting, they are not the only points that set a Prelude apart. The standard features are also noteworthy. An electric sun-roof, an AM/FM stereo, a digital clock, a unique Speedo-Tach, which means it shows both speedometer and tachometer readings and a 5-speed transmission are all standard. In fact the only option many find worth considering is the HondaLink transmission with overdrive.

Engineering wise, components are equally difficult, with the Prelude's fully independent suspension redefining the state of the art for all affordable GT cars.

The 1980 Honda Prelude. We create you to see for yourself how difficult components are to make.



HONDA PRELUDE.

Editorial

The vote that is less a victory than a reprieve

By Peter C. Newman

Surely the most unforgettable moment of a memorable night was the ghastly dignity of a tearful René Lévesque, his face soft and delicate as in an Oriental painting, blessing his cheering supporters as he stood before them confessing defeat. The reason for a heavyweight, this was the concession of a man confident his ideas will survive any support in the purgatory of postponed dreams.

A defeat it was for the hybrid sovereignty-association status of the Parti Québécois. But for those who live outside Quebec, the result was less a victory than a reprieve. The onus has now shifted to English Canada: we must achieve an equivalently convincing state of grace of believing in ourselves and a common future.

Apart from that distant determination, probably the most important factor in the referendum campaign was that it could be held at all. How many countries are there left in the world that would calmly allow a democratic vote as their own disintegration? Perhaps it was this subliminal benevolence that saved the unfeigned balance into the federalist camp.

For more than two decades, French and English

Canadians have been dealing with each other in a series of confrontations of unequal intervals and inevitable intensity, seeking but never finding the ultimate compromise.

The argument of the intelligent separatists has inevitably followed the same logical exposition that while communities can be integrated, individuals can only be assimilated, so that until Quebec becomes independent (or the next thing to it) English Canada's efforts at bilingualism and biculturalism, no matter how well-meaning, are doomed to failure. The federal response has always been that Ottawa would gladly grant individual equality (within the federal civil service, for example) but that in Great Quebec as a separate entity was not negotiable. Now we must seek a middle way that will satisfy both the collective and individual yearnings of French-speaking Canadians.

Those Quebecers who voted "non" gasped that their best chance of surviving as a proud, autonomous people was through a firm alliance with the larger reality of the Canadian nation.

Not to betray that art of faith will require nothing less than literally reinventing Canada—creation of a new nationality that will, conversely serve both of the country's founding societies.



Maclean's

MAY 26, 1980

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Tribal rites for the troubled anglos

By David Thomas

Reflexively more than reflectively, Quebec's anglophones mobilized Tuesday and voted like a swirl of frightened birds. In Montreal's heavily Jewish and English-speaking riding of Urey McNeil, for example, 96 per cent of voters said "no"—a result usually more indicative of tribalism than of democracy. It was an unmistakable sign of things certainly worse anglophones. Another was the Montreal Gazette's hiring of barely pubescent bodyguards to protect its editorial editor, Mark Harrison, inside the assembly, turning the decision of his newly hired reporters who avoided their own campaign buttons, reading: DON'T SHOOT—I ONLY WORK HERE. The minority voters' uneasiness was partly justified. They knew that, essentially, their vote didn't really count.

In the campaign's final week, both Premier René Lévesque and his federal adversary Claude Ryan indicated only, but clearly, that a francophone majority, one way or the other, was needed to make the referendum result decisive in the end. Ryan's 58-per-cent overall victory means that, by anyone's standards, a majority of French-speaking voters gave his promise of radically renewed federalism the benefit of the doubt. With a slimmer margin, one dependent on Quebec's 38-per-cent non-francophone population, Ryan could not claim complete triumph, and the referendum result would have to be replayed.

Eventually, there will probably be another referendum—provincial or pan-Canadian—and again political reality will require that a majority of French-speaking Quebecers accept any important constitutional change. That, despite its defeat, is the real accomplishment of Lévesque's Parti Québécois government: French Quebec's right to self-determination has been recognized. While the rhetoric of both Lévesque and Ryan paid democracy's dues by saying a simple referendum majority would define winners and losers, it was obvious in their worried words that their attachment to the principle of universal suffrage did not override their recognition of Quebec's very real cultural divide. Lévesque, in his final campaign statement on Sunday, tapped richly with tribalism in his appeal for francophone solidarity to counterbalance that of minority voters. The premier said he would consider the result "confused" if the "no" side was a majority without the support of most francophones.

And, though Ryan's lead defence of individual liberties endeared him to minority voters, his own campaign focused increasingly on the demographic ascendancy of French-speaking Quebecers. In the almost purely francophone city of Châteauguay a week before the vote, Ryan repeated

his objective of "democracy in every region of Quebec so that there is no ambiguity in the results." Moments later, Ryan betrayed the ethnocentric message in that objective by refusing to answer in English a question put by a CBC radio reporter. "This is a French-speaking region and I will give all my answers in French."

"Victory in all regions" was Ryan's explanation for victory among francophones as well as among minority voters. His political ghettoization of anglophones showed disquietingly in the little Saguenay river town of La Baie where, in his demographic defence of federalism, he literally showed the fact that anglophones have retreated to one corner of the province. "Did you know that, in 1867 Montreal was 50 per cent anglophone? Since the beginning of the century it has become 60.2 per cent francophone. Quebec City was 45 per cent anglophone in 1867, today it is 64 per cent francophone. We have gained ground, my dear friends, is just about every part of the province—only the western part of Montreal has remained strongly anglophone."

In mid-campaign, when polls indicated a narrow "no" win was in the wind, Ryan warned: "That's not enough. If we win with 50 per cent against 48 per cent, it will be a fragile, provisional victory and we will have to reopen the whole process

later." As the campaign wore on, Ryan retreated from that position and, on referendum night, proclaimed: "Everyone's vote counted equally is the result." But the damage was done. During the last days of the campaign, Ryan's "no" vote was needed to make the referendum unambiguous. Overhauling the constitution, Ryan strove to join in, but refused to concede that such a collaborative quest in essence that a French-speaking majority was essential, no matter how anonymous the non-francophone vote. "I've said we need to win in all regions to avoid the problem."

"What problem?" he was asked.
"I don't understand your question."
"Would you have a problem if you could not demonstrate there was a majority 'no' among francophones?" he was asked.

"No comment," said Ryan, turning away in obvious anger.

It is debate enough for Lévesque to say the votes of anglophones should not be given the same weight as those of francophones. When Ryan, defender of Canada and individual rights, suggests the same, he is torn between liberal convictions and his ambition to lead a divided Quebec where democracy has its own special arithmetic.

David Thomas is Montreal's Quebec bureau chief.



Grieving Lévesque concedes defeat, a special whimper.

Crown Royal

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Put a vapor in your tank

By Patrick L. McGeer

Like Achilles, the mighty warrior of Greek mythology, Canada has a vulnerable heel in its armor of resources—oil. Despite our many resource strengths, we may soon wake up to find we have insufficient oil to heat our homes or to move our vehicles. The National Energy Board has warned there may be a gasoline shortage as early as this summer. As emergency allocation boards have formed in Ottawa, I think if we acted soberly, we will pay a hefty ransom for our foreign supplies if immediate policy changes are not made. Our current oil imports are running at nearly 800,000 barrels per day, costing us about \$700,000 an hour.

By the end of the decade we will have paid out nearly \$70 billion, a greater sum than our current national debt, and there will be nothing to show for it but exhaust fumes. Even that may be an optimistic forecast. The OPEC nations have warned of impending price increases. In the past they have restricted production as a means of making price increases stick.

Clearly, Canada must take some action. But what should it be? In the short term, extending perhaps to the year 2000, we can use our vast supplies of natural gas to offset all our needs for imported oil. Currently this annual need of more than 180 million barrels is roughly the equivalent of one trillion cubic feet of natural gas.

Our natural gas field, discovered a few weeks ago in the Elkworth area on the British Columbia-Alberta border, is conservatively estimated to contain 25 trillion cubic feet. That find alone will advantage all of our interests in the next century. Other recent natural gas finds are establishing that a shortage of markets, not reserves, may be the problem facing the nation in the future.

But, for a substitution to be effective, natural gas must be used in cars, since they consume half of all our oil products. Natural gas, or methane, is actually a superior fuel to gasoline. It has a higher octane rating, starts the engine more readily in cold weather, emits a cleaner exhaust, causes less engine wear and is safer in case of an accident. At current prices, it is also cheaper. For example, the cost of natural gas delivered to homes in B.C. is about one-quarter that of gasoline sold at service stations. Taxes and pumping would add to the cost of natural gas, but it should be possible to supply that fuel to motorists through service stations in major Canadian cities for a fraction of the cost of gasoline.

At B.C. Research in Vancouver, the government of B.C. is conducting a three-month trial on two motor vehicles converted to run on both conventional gasoline and compressed natural gas. The conversion kit, which consists of two tanks similar to those used by truck drivers, reduces valves, a natural gas attachment for the intake manifold,

and a dashboard-mounted lever to switch from gas fuel to the other, costs about \$1,800 and takes less than a day to install. Refueling from a compressed station takes two to four minutes. The natural gas tanks now manufactured hold only about half the fuel of a standard gasoline tank, but if one fuel runs out, a pull of the lever switches to the other. Automobiles in such diverse areas as the United States, Italy and New Zealand have been operating for many years on dual fuel, so there is every reason to believe that the road tests will be favorable.

Unfortunately, Canadians can't go out and buy natural gas conversion kits because they're made only as a small scale by independent manufacturers in other countries.

Moreover, service stations don't have the necessary pumping equipment. But if a massive conversion program were to be mounted, equipment could soon be made available and present costs would be reduced substantially. Within a year or so, vehicles could be fueled. But this national advantage must be translated into a personal one if individual car owners are to make the change. Thus, appropriate incentives must be offered to motorists, service stations and manufacturers to stimulate the change.

Although conservationists will undoubtedly insist we will soon exhaust our supplies of natural gas, the truth is that there need never be a shortage of fuels for automobiles or homes. Indeed, our potential supplies are far beyond any need we can foresee. Sometime within the next 50 to 75 years, fusion power and laser batteries will become a reality. Relatively wireless and exhaust-free electric cars will then become widely available. Until then, coal and the tar sands are available. The vast dimensions of our reserves of coal are not appreciated. For example, one deposit in British Columbia, Hst Creek, is thought to contain 15 billion tons or more. In principle, all the chemicals, including automobile fuel, that can be made from oil or natural gas can be made from coal. Translated into oil equivalents, Hst Creek could yield the equivalent of more than 35 billion barrels of oil. At present rates of consumption, that single deposit would be enough for all of Canada's needs for well over half a century. There are many other deposits, plus the tar sands, that together can last for centuries.

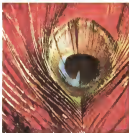
Our short-term solution should be a crash program to convert from oil to natural gas. No new technology is required, only political action. Next, we should learn enough chemistry to build efficient coal-fueled cars to plan for the 70s and beyond. Finally, we should join the search for solutions toward the major energy source for the 21st century—solar.

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Patrick L. McGeer is British Columbia's minister of universities, science and commercial trade.



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A massacre in need of confession

By Peter Lewis

The only witnesses to the crime were the tall pine trees in the Katyn forest, and these don't talk. Later, when the corpses were discovered, forensic experts from all three sides are proving that the atrocities occurred in April, 1940. But other experts came along shortly to dispute these findings and moved the massacre on in time to April, 1941. The year's difference was no mere academic quibble. On it hinged the question of whether the murders were Stalin's or Hitler's.

Now, four decades from the night when shots rang out in the Katyn forest, Western historians lay the killing of 14,500 Polish officers and prisoners of war on the pine trees squarely on Stalin's doorstep. Yet in Eastern Europe, wherever the authorities mention Katyn, which is not often, they still shudder to think that Hitler was to blame.

In Poland itself the same Katyn still arouses peculiar hatred, although the massacre was small compared to the staggering disasters that befell the country later in the war. Last month, when Poland commemorated events such as the liberation of Auschwitz and the Warsaw uprising as part of its month of remembrance, churches throughout the land said a special prayer for the Katyn dead. Owing to the uneasy truce that prevails at present between the Catholic Church and Poland's Communist bosses, priests refrained from specifying who was responsible. Yet nobody in Poland harbors the least doubt that the war was not civilian elite that fell at Katyn were put to death at Stalin's order because, as nationalist Catholics, they stood in the way of his long-term designs to establish a pre-Soviet government in Warsaw.

Polish dissidents have chosen this year—"the 40th anniversary of Katyn"—to mount an offensive aimed at forcing Moscow's present leaders to admit Soviet responsibility for the crime. A Katyn initiative was founded clandestinely in Krakow only a few weeks ago to condemn the Soviet Union and to publish a pamphlet setting out the details of the massacre. The authority names were given to Jan Abramowski and



Forensic experts study corpses at Katyn. Hitler (right) blames "the great environmental crime" against Poland.



Ryszard Siwiecki, but the institute readily admits the two were not the real writers—Abramowski and Siwiecki were the first and last names on the list of bodies identified from the mass graves at Katyn.

The Soviet government is willing to respond to the appeal to bring the facts of Katyn into the open, but some leading Russian dissidents living in the West have already answered in their answer. Thirty-two sides, including Alexander Ginzburg, has recently issued a declaration accepting blame in Moscow's name.

The massacre had its roots in the September, 1939, partitioning of Poland between Germany and the Soviet Union after the fall of Warsaw. Under the secret terms of a pact signed between Hitler and Stalin, half of Poland, with a population of 21 million, fell under Nazi rule while the other half, inhabited by 12 million, was swallowed up by the Soviet Union.

Among the Poles who found themselves on the Soviet side were 13,000 officers and 215,000 men from the Polish army. Most of the officers were directed to three internment camps lying deep inside Soviet territory, near Grodno, 200 miles west of Moscow. At the same time, a great number of Polish doctors, scholars, scientists and engineers who had been rounded up by the



Soviets. When Hitler attacked the Soviet Union in 1941 many Poles held by the Russians were released to fight the Nazis, but the 14,500 men in the three camps were listed mysteriously by the Soviets as "missing." Their whereabouts remained an enigma until the Germans overran the area and announced the discovery of thousands of bodies in mass graves in the Katyn forest near Smolensk.

To bring the massacre from what they saw as a propaganda boon, the Germans enlisted experts from various countries, newsmen from several



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Q&A: Judith Krantz

Paperback alchemist

The movie pages have given Judith Krantz's *Princess Daisy* more space than the book series that it derives. On the strength of her first book, *Serpents*, Krantz is paying \$2.5 million for the paperback rights to Krantz's latest, following the record (for Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*) of \$1 million. *Daisy* tells of the struggle of a Russian princess left penniless when *Nikita Khrushchev* goes under. Krantz, 52, was a magazine writer with *Mademoiselle*, *Elle*, *Connoisseur* and *Life*. Her *Home Journal* for 24 years before turning to fiction in 1978, with *Serpents* (she again with first-lance writer David Weberman) as a rival to *Tomb*.

MACLEAN: Perhaps we can avoid talking too much about money...

Krantz: Good. Won't that be nice. You can ask anything you want, but that would be refreshing.

MACLEAN: ... because it seems pretty clear why you write and so want.

Krantz: I still don't understand it. I'm glad someone does. Actually, I think I know. It is what is called the profit motive. I think *Daisy* feels it will sell a lot of copies of *Princess Daisy*. It has to sell four million to break even. *Serpents* has already sold well over four million and *Serpents* isn't as good a book.

MACLEAN: Is what sense is *Princess Daisy* a reaction to *Serpents*?

Krantz: Good question, because it is a reaction to *Serpents*. *Is Serpents* I was really a total mystery. I had never written fiction. [Serpents is a behind-

I have been reading my books, too

the-scenes depiction of the opulent and decadence of the high-fashion world.] In the publishing community as a whole, *Daisy* is considered to be a much better-written book, a much more polished book, and I know I worked a lot harder on it. *Serpents* just came pouring out like first novels often do. You put so much of the stored information in. I'd worked as a fashion editor for three years. I'd been a summer in Beverly Hills. I was married to a movie producer. I had all of that background just waiting to come out, but with *Daisy* I had to do a lot of research.

MACLEAN: How does the polishing show itself in *Daisy*?

Krantz: I think my style improved. I deliberately excluded the kind of very graphic, very explicit sex scenes I had in *Serpents* because I was sick and tired of the amount of beating around the head. I was getting from the media. I thought, "My god, all I did was write sex scenes and now I'm being treated as if I'm Henry Miller."

MACLEAN: What writers would you find comfortable being compared to?

Krantz: Nobody, really. People compare me to Jacqueline Susann and I don't feel comfortable with that. People compare me to Harold Robbins and I don't feel comfortable with that.

MACLEAN: Why not?

Krantz: Well, first of all I think that although Jackie Susann was terribly popular, I find that her work now—she's been dead for eight or nine years—are dated, and mine are very contemporary. And my style is my style. It's very distinctly mine and hers was differently here. The comparison to Harold Robbins I find rather amusing because I don't think he writes very well. I don't think he ever wrote terribly well, but certainly I think he has written with disturbing success because he doesn't have the faintest idea about anything about women and how they think. His women are all cookie cutters of a cookie jar and their sex scenes are all similar and extremely predictable. You know, some woman will come up to me at a party and said, "I'll have sex with you." You write a sex scene every 35 pages and that's what made *Serpents* such a big success. I said to her, "If that's what it is why don't you go home and do it? Do it yourself. Who's stopping you?" It's very annoying that people think I have some magical formula. I don't. I don't have a formula for writing successful novels.

MACLEAN: For a formula seems to be developing on your books.

Krantz: Tell me what you think it is. **MACLEAN:** Is both *Serpents* and *Daisy*, as I said, a reaction to *Serpents*. I had never written fiction. [Serpents is a behind-

becomes a working woman, she moves in with a hooky but liberating room-mate; she becomes involved with her boss in romantic settings—by a barroom general strike—she loses weight for the first time, takes off her glasses and unpins her hair, and falls in love.

Krantz: You know, you're right! Yes, there are similarities, but they're not going to be in my next book.

MACLEAN: You consider yourself to be working entertainment?

Krantz: Yes.

MACLEAN: To say you're working entertainment is to distinguish it from writing something else.

Krantz: Everyone has his own concept of entertainment. For me, entertainment (this year was the fourth and fifth volumes of Virginia Woolf's letters and the



Tell me what you think my formula is

four-volume Leon Edel biography of Henry James. That's my idea of entertainment. I can't write as well as Virginia Woolf. I have no pretensions to being Ruth Wrentham or Henry James or Marcel Proust or Colette. I am simply what I am. I can tell a good story, what they call a good read. That makes it's fast, it comes up along, you want to find out what is going to happen next, you don't get it down.

MACLEAN: Most people when they say "I write entertainment" are implying that literature is not entertainment.

Krantz: No, no. I would never say that because, you see, that's what I like to read. I have an enormous love of literature, and at presented me from writing until I was 49 years old. I had what I call Fear of Parnassus, which is, well, if I write it and it is not as good as what I like to read, then it isn't going to be any good at all. What I didn't realize was that there is something in between what I like to read and what I can write. There's a huge grey area where millions and millions of people have fun. And I have fun reading my books, too. <

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Letters

Exit, pursued by a bear

It is horrifying that, via television and news reports, the world watches the gradual massacre of the brave and fiercely independent Afghan people by the Soviet army—and does nothing to help (*Monte Afghanistan*, Cover, April 21). Some nations have been taken against the U.S.S.R. but this does not directly help the Afghans, who have desperately little food and are fighting with a few antiquated weapons. The Afghans will not submit to the Soviets—they will die fighting for their freedom. They need food and modern, light weapons. It's so little to ask. Aren't we going to help?

CLAUDE BUDGEN, WINFIELD, B.C.

Your recent cover story was one of the most revealing reports I have read about Afghanistan since the Soviet rape. The writer successfully exposed the barbarities of the Communists colonists and their slaves and servile lackeys. It must be hard for the people of Afghanistan to believe the colonists of the West, while the great 20th-century colonialist—the U.S.S.R.—pokes up one more central Asian nation. Is the free world ready to submit to the new cause? This letter gives it some good deep thought. The use of superpower can be pretty handy without the constraints of a democratic system, and the isolated bear can strike in any direction.

H. MARGARET, HEPBURN, ONT.

Equal bucks for does

Your article (*Outrighted*, April 7) questioned recent actions of the Ontario government, the intent of which I would like to clarify. After careful consideration, the government of Ontario concluded that the concept of "equal value" could not readily be translated into variable legislation. There are great technical difficulties in devising fair, accurate and effective methods of comparing dissimilar jobs. Because of these difficulties I have opted for strengthened enforcement of our existing equal-pay laws, and to that end have allocated increased resources to these resources that are likely to be effective. To expand enforcement of our present equal-pay legislation, we have, as you noted, added

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 1172 Denison Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M6H 1A7.



Afghan rebels, survivors of the West

staff. This will enable us to initiate equal-pay audits as well as respond to complaints. A major media campaign will recruit employers and women of their obligation and rights. It is well recognized that the overall wage gap will be reduced when women participate in all sectors and at all levels of the workforce.

DR. ROBERT D. SLATER,
ONTARIO MINISTER OF LABOUR, TORONTO

Your coverage of equal pay for women gives much needed exposure to the new concept of equal value which, although in effect since the enactment of the Ca-

nadian Human Rights Act in 1977, is yet to make any impact on wages in the national labor market. The problem of measuring relative value of jobs is not merely one of using a job evaluation instrument but also of finding agreement among various interested parties on which instrument to use. Researchers elsewhere and at our university have shown that sex bias is often built into the job evaluation procedure itself, in which case the solution is to redesign the instrument rather than the rigorous application of the broad evaluation procedure. Also, in a democratic structure every new proposition merits persuasive, thoughtful and determined advocacy. The advocate can not only equal the inherent merits of their proposition. Although the law was enacted three years ago, our collective expertise in dealing with both of the above problems has lagged behind.

ANIL VERMA, LECTURER, UNIVERSITY OF
SASKATCHEWAN, SASKATOON

Back to basics

A great amount of good will should stem from the Olympic Games, but this will not likely be so again until the ugly spectre of politics can be removed from the playing fields (*"Dirty Games"*, *Mean Up, Sports*, May 15). In the interim, at least some of the problems could be removed by holding the Olympics permanently in Greece as the original site of the Games.

CHARLES D. MURPHY, OTTAWA

A watched pot boils

Congratulations on the excellent article on multiculturalism (*Multiing Over Multiculturalism*, *Pulse*, April 14). I believe that multiculturalism is diverse and I am thankful that my greenbelter,

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who was German, did not have to be claimed as a German Canadian.

SCOTT HENSLER, MP
OTTAWA

I feel compelled to respond to the article on multiculturalism. While there are problems associated with our diversity, I do not agree with Larry Zalf that the policy itself divides, segregates and ghettoizes. It is rather a constant reminder that Canadian identity has not been shaped by only two cultures, English and French. On the contrary, Canadian culture is the constant mingling and mingling of an infinite number of different cultures, creating a unique and distinctive identity. In the search for unity, Zalf opts for conformity. I would suggest that conformity is too high a price to pay.

CAROL TAYLOR, PRESIDENT,
THIRIAN ALLIANCE
ON RACE RELATIONS, TORONTO

Contrary to Larry Zalf's article, Pierre Trudeau did not invent multiculturalism. He simply recognized a situation that already existed. Whether Zalf likes it or not, ethnic groups that have come to Canada recently are not going to melt into something he calls "Canadians"—whatever that is. In my opinion, the basic threat of multiculti-

salism is to develop a sense of unity from the diversity of cultures now existing in Canadian society. Multiculturalism is not going to go away and the fact is that scores of ethnic groups are happy indeed to obtain some government funding for projects. We in the black community are taxpayers too, and the others are more than happy to get our share. And we certainly do not feel that the acceptance of federal, provincial or municipal funds makes us lesser Canadians than if we were totally dependent upon private dollars.

WILSON A. HEAD, PRESIDENT,
NATIONAL BLACK COALITION
OF CANADA, TORONTO

In his apparent wish to expose the creation of a self-despising ethnic melting (disintegration), got Larry Zalf overlooked the innumerable snow and volatility Canada obtains through her diversity.

GRIGORIE BOURAS
HAMILTON

Brother two Larry Zalf: The soccer Canada's ethnic groups realize that this is not the Ukraine, not Poland, not Italy, ad nauseam, the soccer this country will start to pull together to solve the pressing problems facing us all—energy, the economy, our future within Can-

ada. It's all very well to cook cabbage rolls or speak Italian at home, but speaking Swedish is not an integral part of Canadian culture. We only glorified Canadians are sick of watching ethnic festivals on TV and being told that this is an expression of our Canadian identity. Bar.

NANCY J. BRIGHTON-LABRE,
STY-FOR, QUE

Larry Zalf and his native cry for Canadian "one-ism" is just plain wrong in my opinion. Multiculturalism is not as some of government dollars supporting ethnicity but an issue of self-esteem and human rights to the poor things considered, without the great pressure for "one-ism."

DAVID MCLEAN, AREA DIRECTOR,
HAMILTON OFFICE,
SECRETARY OF STATE

As a Canadian of ethnic descent, I want to applaud the views of Larry Zalf. It's about time everyone recognizes that this whole concept of multiculturalism is a farce. For myself, as a 39-year-old university student, and for most of my generation, we have no problems with "four laylites"; we know our own and only country is Canada, and that our one and only nationality is Canadian.

ROSS HANSON, WINNIPEG

Canada

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'NON' — WHAT NOW?



By David Thomas

Few Quebecers, French speaking ones at least, perceived their 5 on Tuesday with a light heart: their chosen moment as much the herald of one national dream as it did the rebirth of another. The event was quick and brutal. After a gloriously sunny day which encouraged a record voting turnout of 82 per cent, the government's banishment was clear less than an hour after the polls closed. For some, the crushing 54-to-46 per cent defeat of Premier René Lévesque's appeal for a mandate to negotiate Quebec's peaceful transition to sovereignty and economic association with the rest of Canada brought frustration with electoral democracy as the instrument of independence. New buttons quickly appeared on the lapels and neckties of disillusioned



THOMAS: 54-46 PER CENT



David Thomas: Lévesque at his last public appearance, May 14, 1990, after a crushing defeat.

Parti Québécois militants. Their message: On is leader—there's going to be trouble. Chanting "Let's invade Westminster," 2,000 young Quebecers forged their way west from the beer parlors of Old Montreal to the home of the telephone company. Along the two-hour route they incanted Canadian flags, shattered windows and hurled rocks at a few federally funded federalists who carried "non" banners from their balconies. But cries of "NON PLUS" boomed hollowly at the odd overturned machine. In the early 1980s the bombing of roadblocks in Westmount provoked French protest and English fear. But 30 years later on the night of the referendum on Quebec's independence, the Westmount march

deteriorated in hellfire as the protesters tried themselves out trying to find a western access to the heights of Mount Royal. By early Wednesday morning, remnants of the major referendum protest crowd were hugging gratefully onto the eastbound 166 bus, but about 100 Quebecers stayed and challenged the riot squad at the foot of Mount Royal. They lost in a flurry of nightsticks around 2:30 a.m.

While only an infernal minority of separatists condoned terrorism as an alternative, Quebec's political turmoil is far from finished. Flapdoodle for federalists, liberal leader Claude Ryan did gain the confidence of majority within both language groups (though it was unaccountably close among the francophones) as outcome that would legitimize his role and on Quebec's anglophones for the PQ's debacle. But



Lineup at Monday's 54-46 vote for independence.

the enthusiastic, fervent cheers that greeted Lévesque in a Montreal arena after the results were out proved that Quebec nationalism remains a dangerous force hanging over the constitutional conference table. Truly, the province left the stage with a sad vein and a promise of another referendum.

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momentum. "Till the next time."

Just moments later in another, quieter arena, Ryan jabbed his hands in his coat, concealed his journalist's notebook and warned the rest of the country: "Our fellow Quebecers will side with us to be firm in the defence of their interests." In Ottawa, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau said his joy was tempered by

thoughts of the disappointment of "yes" supporters: "We have all lost a little in this referendum."

Exactly who voted "yes" and "no" was as important as their numbers.

A silent majority waves its banner

It was the thought that was missing that told the story of Claude Ryan's victory. People were missing from the victory party—the hockey arena in Windsor was silent except for the faint, low, "no" voices. For victory, while that Ryan had been basking through the last week of the campaign was not faded on the night when he had victory in his hand.

The vast silent majority that Ryan won to his side does not belong with the cheering, cheering, cheering. Quebecers who mustered around René Lévesque even in his darkest hour of defeat. The pockets of supporters who waited Ryan's arrival from arena, could not even muster a chorus of "O Canada" (We do dare). Despite several times.

Below them on the arena surface Ryan's young chief organizer Pierre Bébeau, shunted threats of statistics showing how the so-called undecided voters had swung solely toward his "no" campaign. I think he had been three weeks ago. I think the results would have been exactly the same," charged Yves Allaire, another senior Ryan strategist. The break-through was in getting people to see through the argument that the question posed meant bargaining failure. Once word had it was out.

In fact it was Ryan's. The former former journalist designed the campaign choice the people who would participate in it and in doing so, emerged with a new coalition of individuals to carry his message into what he calls Phase 2 of his plan—a provincial election.

Perhaps he had the election in mind



Ryan's night still echoes of the name, not

when he asked his supporters to try to understand the significance of the 15 million lone Quebecers who voted "yes" to Lévesque's demand for a mandate to negotiate sovereignty association. "We remain tonight citizens of the same soil," he said. "We are equal." From Ryan there would be no gloating that night no victory song and no place of Lévesque—a man for whom he showed a sharp personal dislike in the campaign. If anything, Ryan seemed prepared to use the winning "yes" vote to push forward the constitutional changes he has proposed in a "bridge paper." We have difficulties," he said in English to the rest of Canada. "We have difficulties and problems to which we have drawn your attention on many, many occasions in the past. The world of today calls for action and change."

It was a strong conciliatory speech. It also showed a taste of Ryan seldom seen during the referendum period. He demonstrated his stature as an iron leader. His

Quebec still signed Quebecers' support: "yes" forces march a winning mandate.

within the French-speaking population, the Parti Québécois and its ideology have a strong grip on younger, better-educated voters. Much of Ryan's pro-federalism force is from older Quebecers and it appears that however mobilized by the concept of "Yes" movement which was partly an anti-federalist backlash, voted mainly "no." That severely deflated the reputation of René Lévesque, the minister of state for the democratic condition, whose dispensing public treatment of federalist voters, and particularly Claude Ryan's wife, Madeleine, inspired the federalist women's movement which saved Ryan's campaign from its initial doom.

Payette is just one of the 100 people openly antagonizing her party's



search for supporters. Uncompromising separatist Pierre Borgeault met a less and hungry look at the government's prime minister. "It's certain that there will be a night of the long leaves within the party," he said. "In particular who is threatened in the very short term this name is Claude Ryan." Minister of intergovernmental affairs, Morin had received Lévesque and a reluctant party that response or production, was the only way to lead Quebecers down the path of independence. This referendum was to have been a point of no return but Lévesque, instead, a dead-end street for Morin's mixture of moderation and devotion.

Ryan was quick to return to his provincial election by fall, but the government has barely seen a mandate with another province, as in 1986, merely to provide good government and the respect the same referendum. Inevitably, impatient Progressives like Borgeault will demand a straighter run at the objective. "When you want to act on ideas you have to talk about it and for the past 12 years the job has related to talk about independence."

That René Lévesque himself suffer a leadership challenge, had lines will likely turn to Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau, one of five ministers to ignore the series of suspensions, from "true confederations" to "new deal," that René Lévesque intended to broaden their appeal to the middle class. Parizeau committed violent heresy during the campaign by affirming that a vote for sovereignty-succumbant applied approval of independence in Parizeau's own ruling. In association, it per cent "yes," under the "no" referendum result shared by most of his cabinet colleagues. Even Cultural Development

Serenity with a touch of anger

They looked for all the world like players in a stark modern drama. René Lévesque, 50, his long hair and intense blood, dressed in a simple black suit, stood as he himself. Behind him on the floor, only a few feet behind him, stood his wife, Corinne, dressed in a simple black suit, holding her arms as if it was cold. To her left stood Les Payette, also dressed in black, a single strand of pearls around her neck. Her hands clasped in front of her. For eight minutes the three stood almost motionless—different shades of regret playing across their faces—as they stared out at 3,000 weary cheering supporters in Morin's St. David arena.

For René Lévesque, Tuesday's referendum turned out to be, as he told the cheering crowd, "a night that is an absolute defeat. Most of all 20 years in public life have been aimed at securing independence for Quebec, and Tuesday's vote

was a dramatic, dramatic rejection of that dream. To make things more painful the question put before the voters by government was only a timid first step toward sovereignty—a proposition to an elected legislature as to be at least meaningful. But despite that and to his credit Lévesque accepted the voters' verdict with grace and civility. The people of Quebec have voted clearly to give the federalists another chance. He said that he would down the drama of those that followed his words. His only touch of real anger was noted as the federal parliament in the "can" campaign—particularly the last minute federalist supporters who had followed him out of the door. Their behavior was, scandalously minimal. Lévesque—reporting a charge he made several times during the last week of campaign—wrote that spring rains from leaving their public impression.

But Lévesque was able to keep his temper and leave in check as well as he did. It is probably because he had accepted defeat some days before. A close aide says he has never been an optimist and when going back and forth between the two camps during the last week of the campaign, Lévesque's speeches started to take on an almost reflective tone. It was as if he was preparing everyone else for defeat. His last speeches also made an appeal for Quebecers to accept the result of a measure that would leave them in a new political community. It was a tactic that was not angry and it reflects no matter how delicately and progressively Lévesque tried to make his case.

But Tuesday night proved that the divide and conquer tactic had failed. And Lévesque left any lingering bitterness—for the English community or his fellow French Quebecers—who did not let it show. To involve an issue of confidence in his government, the crowd at St. David's arena. He once again, raised the "can" issue. Those who support his brand of nationalism is acceptable. Our pride is ours to others and accepting," he said. And for the most part the cheered crowd in the stadium was inclined to deal with him rather than the opposition. The stadium lights were

Minister Claude Lévesque, father of Quebec's strict official language law, did not have a majority "yes" in his mind. The Parti Québécois, himself suffer a leadership challenge, had lines will likely turn to Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau, one of five ministers to ignore the series of suspensions, from "true confederations" to "new deal," that René Lévesque intended to broaden their appeal to the middle class. Parizeau committed violent heresy during the campaign by affirming that a vote for sovereignty-succumbant applied approval of independence in Parizeau's own ruling. In association, it per cent "yes," under the "no" referendum result shared by most of his cabinet colleagues. Even Cultural Development

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René Lévesque with Corinne open pride

night were reserved for results that were level in English West Island area where only 23 per cent voted "no." But most seemed to accept the welcome in the spirit of a nationalist and even Pierre Jean, who once called René Lévesque "a man with a smile," 15 years later. We must be patient it will come.

As for Lévesque, he showed his side of wounded pride no protest for moving away to some place warm and dark. In fact, minutes after he arrived he was wearing Trudeau's hat. Quebecers were more than empty promises, voting his government would be doubly loyal against any further attempt to make provincial powers. Then, in a moment of grace and dignity, Lévesque—who admits that he is no singer—led the crowd of the arena in a rendition of Quebec's unofficial national anthem. Gens du pays. As they sang he gave one of his back, seemed grimaced and struggled, then, hushed of sleep.

It was a night when it appeared seriously diminished.

Ryan, then, as the unwelcome situation of a government waiting, holding legitimacy in the interpretation of Quebec's aspirations but, without power, is advanced there. Now that Lévesque's Eden of independence has retreated from the forefront, it may soon be Ryan's turn to see French Canada's older, but never stilled, promised land a Canada in which francophones are dominant everywhere in their own lives. Unlike independence, which would leave the rest of the country to its own devices, Ryan's vision implies a drastic revision of English-Canadian attitudes and institutions. Both Ryan and Trudeau have evoked the possibility of a future refer-



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Canada-wide, to satisfy a new constitution, and majorities in both Quebec and English Canada will be essential for political peace. Again, voters will be called upon to express their confidence in Canada—and in the political leaders whose promises that a "no" would mean a new Canada will still be around to enact them.

With files from Anne Byrne

Canada faces the 'non' challenge

By Robert Lewis

Pierre Trudeau's first thought after acknowledging the dramatic victory of the "non" forces in the referendum was for the ultimate Quebec legacy: "The broken friendships, the strained family relationships, the hurt in the..." Perhaps he was thinking of his health minister, Monique Bégin. She had abandoned her eldest-daughter role as co-conspirator of the family's annual Rauter gathering to avoid deepening rifts with the other siblings who were "non" supporters. But was thoughtful Montreal francophone as Jean Chrétien's federalist lying spread, there was the following thought: that the more effective

ada "We will not agree to interpreting a 'no' vote as an indication that everything is free and easy remains as it was before. We must change and we are willing to lay our souls on the line to the free to have change."

In the wake of the vote, English-Canadian leaders committed themselves to accepting the challenge. Ontario Premier William Davis called for an immediate constitutional conference as "the beginning of a solution." New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield suggested two meetings per year and agreed that the job could be done "in five years, maybe four."

No corner had Claude Ryan warned of a long road ahead that other leaders refused the point. Newfoundland's Brian Peckford saw "a golden opportunity now to rewrite a brand new constitution," but then he downgraded Ottawa to head-walker status: "an agency of the province and not the other way around." In Alberta, Peter Lougheed evinced a toughness befitting Ross Levesque at Ryan when he dismissed Trudeau's last proposed reforms in 1979 as the "status quo." Back then, Trudeau proposed to confirm provincial jurisdiction over resources, transfer some authority over cable television to the province, revamp the Senate with provincially appointed members and restrict other federal powers.

But there was no agreement on two points close to Trudeau's heart: Quebec

Trudeau after voting: passion, harvest



tive his work, the more he contributed to disavowance in his native province. Both sides, as Trudeau noted, paid a special price. The majority made a commitment to Canadian federalism, the idea of which has not been made in English Canada for more than 40 years.

The country will not be the same again—Trudeau and his 73 Quebec MPs will see it that. A week before the vote Trudeau bluntly warned English Can-

adians and Baskin objected to patriation of the constitution from Westminster without a new definition of powers, and five provinces—Nova Scotia, Quebec, Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia—would not agree that education in English or French is a constitutional right.

Such division on essentials is precisely why Trudeau is leery about a fall-blown conference before agreement can be worked out. In private talks this summer Levesque, as Trudeau says repeatedly, has a vested interest in demonstrating that federalism doesn't work, especially now that he faces an election in the next 18 months. Trudeau might just adopt a suggestion floating around federal councils that, instead of a quick-and-dirty, the first ministers be locked up, in the manner of labor negotiations, and they hammer out a compromise.

Failing agreement, Trudeau may ditch off a proposal he made in the 1979 election campaign to stage a national referendum on constitutional change as a way of breaking the existing rule that all provinces must agree. "It is an imperative," says one federal official, "that we have something concrete in six to eight months."

Trudeau once observed that "there's nothing magical in the constitutional structure of a country." From all indications, his own bag of constitutional tricks could be discarded early in the play. The 10 premiers not only demand more power, but their electors seem persuaded by the rhetoric. In fact, the proposals to decentralize made by Ryan and the Peppé-Roberts commission, the demands from Quebec and Alberta for that, are such that Trudeau may not even have the stomach to see the constitutional process through to the end.

If Trudeau does succumb before the game is over, at least he can claim the leading role in one of the decisive votes in Canadian history. His weekly excursions into the debate were masterful displays of logic and passion for his cause. At the beginning, when Ryan's dossier seemed to the right, it was Trudeau who energized the Ottawa team for battle.

Ironically, Trudeau almost didn't vote at all. Such was the disorganization of the post-election scene in Ottawa, he was not registered days before the deadline. When the prime minister showed up to get his name on the list, a "no" worker challenged his right to vote, since he is an Ottawa resident. Michel Robert, the Montreal lawyer for the feds, argued successfully that Trudeau's "domicile" is Quebec. And so he ran, using his constituency office on Lord Boulevard in the busy Town of Mount Royal as the address. All of which goes to prove that when some MPs are 50 yards from Parliament Hill, they are somewhere. ☐



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The summer and smoke of '53



The most pressing question was whether there was any health hazard to the Winnipeggers who might have been breathing war ordnance sulphide between July 8 and Aug. 1, 1953. The answer from most authorities is a qualified "probably not." After seeing defence department files on the case, health department scientist Roy Hickman assesses the danger as "not very significant." Pathologist Robert Goyer, deputy head of the U.S. National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, concludes: "I don't think there's really any hazard" because likely attacks would be so small. In Winnipeg itself, though, University of Manitoba pharmacologist Frank LaBella said the aerosol could irritate the skin, asthmatics, babies and old people. But the experts helped their guesses because they don't

They worked at night on the secret project, in a swaggy square mile north of Winnipeg where it was so dark they had to stake out twice each time to find their way. Mosquitoes were ferocious that summer, and trapped warless' cars when it rained, and cows kept toppling their equipment. But for most it was just a summer job, and with the warbirds of summer they were told it was an experiment on how to hide a city from an attack under a drifting cloud of smoke. In the pastures near Rocky Mountain and another area, downtown, they would spray glowing, powdery mists of zinc cadmium sulphide into the breeze and track them with special detectors.

That was 1953. The truth, just now released in declassified U.S. army documents, was different. The people of Winnipeg were unknowingly helping the Portuguese determine "vulnerable" requirements for the strategic use of chemical and biological agents against typical target cities.

The fallout from the disclosure in Washington soon hit the Commons, and New Democrat Terry Surtees demanded to know more about the 1953 tests and any other "such treasonous experiments." With Defence Minister Gilles Lamontagne out of town, it was left to his parliamentary secretary, Ursula Appleton, to reply. She argued,

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE

confusingly, that Canada's defence department, on the one hand, knew nothing of the "alleged report" but, on the other, that it knew enough to feel "very strongly that if such physical experiments did, in fact, take place, it was not harmful to human life." In a string of anonymous queries periods Appleton (an ex-copied in the British Warman's Royal Air Force) finally confirmed that the Winnipeg tests happened, but added nothing new except to reassure himself in an aide to another woman charged with national defence—Elizabeth I. against the Spanish attacks. It was all, unexplained one question after a political smoke screen. Last week the defence department still was not saying whether other Canadians have been exposed to such chemical-and-gas warfare tests.



Ronald Downes and daughter Faye (top left) looking at the air (left) parliamentary secretary Appleton (above). Downes worked on the Winnipeg chemical warfare experiment 27 years ago, dying both he and his two children have respiratory problems.

knew how much of the yellowish powder was emitted in the 36 releases recorded in the army papers. But he also believed some "background" zinc cadmium sulphide would also have been present—it is used in paints and plaster to produce luminousness and as a brightener. It also glows under ultraviolet light, which made it ideal for tracking across Winnipeg. Cadmium sulphide is used in anti-dandruff shampoo. The sinister element in these compounds is the cadmium, which can cause cancer in doses large and long enough that nobody is measuring the exposure as Winnipeg approached such levels—at least, if the army figures are to be believed. In any case, Winnipeg's health officials can find no evidence of disease caused by the tests, though the whole story has given the city's apophor-

drum something to call the open-line show short.

While the Winnipeg tests apparently lasted all of three weeks, they have raised serious questions that cry for answers. The documents show that the Defense Research Board (now part of the defense department) agreed on the Winnipeg tests, which were carried out by the U.S. Army by Stanford University and Los Angeles-based engineers Ralph M. Parsons Ltd. But why was Winnipeg shy enough to tell the cover story about smoke-screen testing? Why did this itself agree to the tests? Its chairman at the time, Dr. Oswald Roeland, told Molodtsov he must have known about them then, but now has no memory of those or any similar experiments. With the health dangers seemingly slight, Roeland, now retired, calls the uproar last week a "conspiracy in a trough," but doubts he would approach such projects nowadays—not for medical reasons but because of public hostility. Finally, why any other regions subjected to chemical sprays? Roeland says he needs more, and the defense department says it's checking its files (though it has already reported testing the navy's green warfare defenses with harmless butters of Vancouver Island



Prime Minister's analysis: the latest begins

in 1957). After the revelations of U.S. government tests of LSD among unwitting patients in Montreal, and the spreading of ostensibly innocuous bacteria in San Francisco and New York City, it isn't idle curiosity to wonder whether anyone else in Canada has been unwitting guinea pig. And perhaps, once again, it will only be by the grace of the U.S. Freedom of Information Act that Canadians will learn the facts.

John Hay, with files from Peter Carlyle-Gardner in Winnipeg

Joe Clark's turn for the night of the knives

"If Bob Coates was following today what he preached 15 years ago, he'd never be doing what he is now," was the bitter refrain last week from one Tory loyal to Joe Clark. But Coates, president of the Progressive Conservatives, is not playing follow-the-leader as he futilely urged, in 1969, to fend off the dump-the-bushes movement. Instead, as Clark's camp sees it, the author of *The Night of the Knives* is chafed among those vigilantes circling the Clark wagon, now driven onto a very circle.

Clark's future may well pivot on a decision by the 26-member National Executive Committee when it meets May 20-21. Clark has asked the committee to call the party's annual meeting



Coates (bottom), and, at left, Dickson, at camp in 1969. The vigilantes are circling the wayward wagon of Joe Clark

for this fall. While Clark may elude victory if his preferred date takes, the real test may come when the meeting votes for party association president, just as the 1964 fight between Dalton McGee and Arthur Meighen was seen as a strategic war for the review of new rules. Clark is said to be considering a variety of candidates to run against Coates. Rejected on being too obvious was former aide and ex-MP Jean Poirer. More likely is Montreal lawyer Philip Elliott, an Ontario party organizer Bill Swadlow.

Coates wants to put off the meeting until 1981, when delegates will take the vote on a leadership review now firmly entrenched as party rules (see *Is Dickson's day?*). But one frustration is that he would like to get the bucking behind him, says a Clark aide. But Coates will present the caucus with the results of a poll of 1,800 party militants which show support for a new fight against a full convention. Even Clark's camp is said to be con-

trary to the leader's wishes. "People are saying, 'Let's see how he does in the next year,'" says a Coates supporter. "Joe needs a cooling-off period."

Clark's supporters see it another way. "If he's not given the support, he doesn't have the mandate to carry out his role of leader of the Opposition," argues David Reall, a member of the executive committee. Reall suggests that if Coates is really only interested in Clark's political well-being, as Coates insists he is, then he should perhaps figure to what Clark wants.

But the suspense is over: among Clark's people that Coates has something else on his mind. A senior Clark staffer recently phoned various members of the executive committee to suggest that the real issues Coates wants the delay is to make time for a quadrennial by Premier William Davis of Ontario, as mentioned as a replacement is Brian Mulroney, the Montreal executive Clark lost in the 1969 leadership run. Mulroney also would probably not



Clark: "Joe needs a cooling-off period"

be available for another year owing to a serious contract with Iron Ore Co. of Canada.

Clark did not enhance his popularity when he adjourned to a Quebec resort for a strategy session May 20. Left uninvited were the more conservative elements of the party, to whom Coates appeals. Faint reddened with frustration when it was learned that among those invited were Clark intimates such as David MacDonald and Bob de Cotret, both here last February, and his key staff—"the same people who gave you Peter Harbo," barked a Coates aide. It was at that session that Clark revealed party polls showing a majority of voters perceive a Conservative as narrow-minded, unsympathetic and right—not objectives he would want to fight on election day.

The plight of the trailing Tory coalition is enough to conjure up memories of the party under Dickson's "May God rest and keep John Diefenbaker," Clark issued at the Clark's graveyards before his exile was enacted in eight feet of concrete. It's as if that request, too, had gone unanswered, and the Clark's macho spirit was lost in the land.

Log. Andron

Ontario

Six vials in two girdles = 17 years

When Darlene Baldwin stopped aboard an Air Jamaica "Adventure Tour" with two friends in April, 1968, she had little idea she was headed for disaster. Now, two years later, Baldwin, a plump, soft-spoken 22-year-old who lives in Toronto with her parents, has been sentenced to a seven-year term in penitentiary for importing 237 lbs. of hashish oil into Canada, an amount over the Crown prosecutor admits was "borderline"—close to the

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minimum amount of drugs authorities consider enough to proceed with an importing charge, rather than with a less serious one of possession.

Baldevin was carrying drugs when the trio passed through Canada customs at the end of their "adventure." The junkies oil, crushed in six small plastic capsules, was found inside a teddy bear by her two friends, Lita Muszynski, then 26, and Muszynski's live-in-boy-friend, Peter Bacon, 26.

Baldevin after sentencing, and right: justice counsel Duffy. *Jameson Colby*

But Baldevin, prosecutor Ian Collins would argue, and her friends as "mules" to transport the haul into Canada. With the help of Muszynski, who agreed to testify against the other two in exchange for lighter treatment, Baldevin, a first-time offender, was convicted and given the minimum sentence for importing—seven years' prison.

who, Muszynski contended, at first went reluctantly to Jamaica at her friends' behest, was sentenced to 18 years for his role. Muszynski got off with a one-year sentence for possession.

The five-week trial, Baldevin's lawyer Patrick Duffy estimates, cost the public \$100,000. But prosecutor Collins rebuts charges not their money's worth. "The public often complains that we only go after the little people in these drug cases," he says. "What we're trying to do here is go higher up the ladder, get the big people who are really seriously involved in drug importing."

John Baldevin, Darlene's father, was astounded by the remark. "My daughter," he said in court, pointing to Darlene, who spent most of the trial weeping into Kleenex. "This is one of the 'Big People'."

Defence lawyers for both Baldevin and Bacon were equally floored. "That's absolute bullshit," says Duffy, a Queen's counsel who spent 18 years as a Crown prosecutor. "There's no way you could call any of those three Big People. They're three mice, totally unknown to the police. The whole thing was Mackley Moussé." Bacon's lawyer, Brian Jones, agrees. "They're killing a mouse with a sledgehammer." His client says his law was sealed two days before the end of the trial, shipped back and has not been heard from since.

But to emphasize his point, Collins not only opposed bail for Baldevin but also initiated charges against Charles Strangell, 55, Baldevin's boy-friend of eight years. Strangell, Muszynski claimed, was in on the transaction that preceded the Jamaica jail where, she says, the three made plans to buy drugs and bring them back. He was apprehended in the courtroom on the last day of Baldevin's trial, sitting at his girlfriend's side, and charged with conspiracy to import drugs, a crime that also carries a minimum seven-year sentence.

Baldevin admitted to actually producing the drugs but denied agreeing to bring them back to Canada. "They said they'd bring it back. I wasn't into that," she told police. She added that she paid \$500 cash for hashish oil and promised to send a cheque for another \$250 later. Her statement to the jury, obtained after she was held in a basement airport drug office for seven hours, was allowed to stand as testimony in court, a "testimony" upon which Duffy says he'll base an appeal.

Rich lawyers want to know why only one of the three was allowed to plead guilty to a lesser offence when all three had offered to do the same. But as far as Collins was concerned, the Crown only needed one to "win" the case. "Peter Bacon's evidence would have been redundant," he says.

For Duffy and Jones, the whole thing was legal but unjust. "I've made deals," Duffy says, "but never 17 to 1. The question I keep asking myself is why pack as a Darling Baldevin? If you had someone from anywhere other, I'd understand all the time. That a Crown prosecutor should have that kind of power really seems odd—and I'm on a jury."

Cheryl Hawkes

Nova Scotia

Marcus Welby goes to town

B lame Alfaby shifts uncomfortably in his chair at the back of the crowded assembly room and mutters under his breath. "The doctors are running the show tonight." Alfaby has just resigned as chairman of the board of directors of Fishermen's Memorial Hospital in Lunenburg, taking with him 15 other board members and administrator Marjory Frowl, in a move designed to clear the air of professional and personal rivalries which culminated when doctors withdrew their services for 10 days last month. The question loomed in different battle lines. In the words, the nurses came out gun, dutifully receiving the few remaining resort patients—patients who knew I had their ailments transported to functioning hospitals in Halifax or nearby Bridgewater.

The dispute at Fishermen's Memorial has been brewing for several years. At this meeting, the doctors clearly have the upper hand. They are aggressively and professionally questioning about what they see as the erosion of their preeminence in medical matters by an administrator who declines to deal with them, whom they dislike personally, and by a board of directors that has been trying to oust their only voting

member. Dr. George Boudreau has pushed through a motion that the report of a two-day investigating commission be accepted "only for guidance," though anything less than an "in principle" agreement could mean government take-over. Meanwhile, aside, the 30,000 people served by the 45-bed hospital would like the situation resolved. There is only one doctor on duty in emergency and it's a 10-mile ambulance ride to the fully staffed hospital in Bridgewater.

The power struggle between the doctors and administrator Frowl developed over a 10-year period. Doctors claim he closed the door on them, and the administrators argue that the doctors kept increasing their demands and refusing to accept the fact that the board was ultimately the boss.

Complicating matters is the fact that the hospital is owned and operated by a



Former hospital chairman Alfaby (above left) delivers his message "in principle."

hospital society, which anyone with \$25 or less. Unlike most of Nova Scotia's 30 other privately owned institutions, where a trust is vested in elected boards of directors, the hospital society at Fishermen's has hung onto its power. The board of directors is responsible to administrators. Unlike their part of the problem, "What we've got," says Alfaby, "is a hospital run by public opinion."

Alfaby thinks the hospital society

gives the people of Lunenburg "a great pride of ownership." The doctors also like it because it has worked to their advantage. Last year, the board tried to amend its bylaws on doctor representation. Changes had to be approved by two-thirds of society members and, just before the meeting, society membership increased to 180 from 65. The meeting was packed and bylaw amendments were defeated. The administration accused the doctors of flouting membership.

The last straw came in April, when one of the 26 doctors had his privileges cut from "active" to "emergency" staff (meaning he could admit patients but not participate in hospital committee work). The medical staff issued an ultimatum to the board—get rid of administrator Frowl and recognize that doctors "have expertise in management of medical care," or we quit. The committee wasn't quick enough, and the doctors' boycott lasted 10 days.

The commission found all sides at fault and recommended a complete housecleaning. The board should resign, Frowl had to go, and all but one of the doctors were to be placed on "contingent" staff for six months. Says Alfaby, "We don't want power just meaningful dialogue."

The commission also concluded that the hospital structure was sound. It

recommended that the society turn over authority to run the hospital and make the bylaws to the board of directors or face government take-over. But society members aren't keen on that idea. The hospital society is one of Lunenburg's oldest institutions. If the recommendation is followed, many newly elected board members fear a "clean sweep." "The society's reason for existing kind of fades into the past," while they wait for a resolution, the citizens of Lunenburg try not to worry about accidents, heart attacks and the 10-mile trip to Bridgewater. *Joe Calhoun*

The Rhinos go to Washington

I should come. It's no surprise. To Canadians that the wacky Rhinoceros Party inspires nobody for U.S. president. But in Baltimore, where car is a way of life, and wearing neo-feminist is going to turn the town's annual National Hobo Convention the summer into a presidential nomination convention. That's a disaster. Nobody—devoted philosophers and neo-devotee Adam Nobody—has received the official nod from Rhine Industries in Canada and is off and heading with the Rhinos through the primaries again. Invoking John Anderson's first candidate bid for Maryland in the same way that his loved Rhinos shagwag once neo-civilized in the February federal election.

Eleventh-hour Maury Gushkin, reigning king of the U.S. hobos, hopped a buscar from Toledo and arrived as an exiled Montreal playwright in the city's ballroom. The solution to attract the Rhinoceros endorsement? "No nobody in particular," belated a giggle of (bearded) French neo-hungry American journalists. Chatting, chugging and headbutting, and/or Charles McKinnon told McKinnon that it was his address front-runner Ronald Reagan who really convinced the Rhinos decided. Quickly Rhinos to Maryland to sit those in there from Americans trying to draft party Presi-



Gushkin in Montreal. *Hobos for president!*

dent Cornelius. I a baby rhino from Grand Bay in Quebec into the presidential race. "Rhinoceros and something about this New Hampshire primary about 'looking the picture of interest to our northern neighbor as foreigner.' I'm not sure what that means, but it was a good enough excuse for us," says McKinnon. The national choice was 82-year-old Nobody, who was agent Jimmy Carter and Gerry Ford in 1974 under the slogan "Being a monarch but being a nobody." Nobody's trial, sitting at his girlfriend's side, and charged with conspiracy to import drugs, a crime that also carries a minimum seven-year sentence.

Larry Black

The black-and-blue Danube waltz



By Peter Lewis

The waltz on the Danube was impressive, but it finished with a discord. As the foreign ministers of the great powers met in Vienna last week, on the 50th anniversary of the Austrian state treaty, to take a crack at solving the world's woes, there were moments when people observing their dignitary dance could imagine that a breakthrough was imminent. Yet when Edvard Shevardnadze, the new Soviet secretary of state, stepped from a three-hour meeting with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko—it was the first significant encounter between Washington and Moscow since Soviet troops barreled into Kabul on Christmas—he broke the spell with a few terse words to indicate the parley had failed in any way to pull the superpowers out of mire.

And yet the meeting, staged in the Redoutensaal of the old Habsburg palace of the Austro-Hungarian emperor, was not a fiasco, if only because it occurred at all in the present climate and gave Shevardnadze and Gromyko a chance to add one—at surprising length—their standpoints to the new power equation created by the Afghanistan invasion. The interview was due more to the exaggerated expectations of the media, which had cracked Vienna up as a turning point, than anything the principal actors ventured to say before or after the event.

Then, hardly had the dust settled, that France scored a sensation by announcing that President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, in a move typical of the coun-



Gromyko and Shevardnadze over lunch (top left). Muskie, with Carter before departure (top right), and greeted by Giscard (bottom)



try's maverick diplomacy, was flying urgently to Poland to meet with President Lech Bielecki. As the surprise meeting took place on Monday in a 17th-century chateau just outside Warsaw, Western capitals barely concealed their fury with the French for undertaking a back-door initiative, which, to all appearances, could only play into Brezhnev's hands as he pursued his long-term goal of driving a wedge between Washington and its European allies.

Although the French did their utmost to minimize the Warsaw encounter, describing it as an "informal talk" that was not expected to produce concrete results, the summit was viewed as a

particular affront to West Germany's Helmut Schmidt who had, with the darkest blunders of Washington, been playing his own meeting host, albeit with Soviet leaders.

"France has won its first Olympic medal," sneered a top German official who clearly felt that the encounter, apart from its other sins, was a reward from Brezhnev to the French following the decision of France's Olympic committee last week to send its athletes to the Moscow Games.

However, the Warsaw summit seemed likely to prove to be less crucial at the current juncture in East-West relations than the Vienna parley between Gromyko and Shevardnadze, in a prolonged crisis between the superpowers, even as inconclusive meeting between giants costed more than a



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apocalyptic tug-of-war between one of the giants and a secondary power.

In the event, peace (if of short duration) transpired between Moscow and Gromyko, who converted alone for most of the time with their interpreters, instead to the press.

The host city, Vienna, had turned out in its spring livery to celebrate the birthday of the 19th-century poet who made Austria neutral and freed the country from occupation by the four powers—a solution that the European Community has suggested might be used in the case of Afghanistan. As a dozen ministers conferred in the Hofburg, they displayed themselves with flags, flowers and song—choirs held forth cheerfully from a podium in the Steier in Raus Platz for a solid 30 hours—and with the free drink, which a number of patriotic barings had thoughtfully agreed to dispense in

back-street bars. The lesson of Austria's pride in its independence was not lost on those of the visiting dignitaries who had Afghanistan on their minds.

In his talks with Gromyko, Muskie failed to judge the Soviet Union on Afghanistan and apparently got only a slight rise on subjects that Moscow and Washington both view as still nagging. He gave their current stand-off the disarmament nuclear missile, salt in and trade.

British sources traveling to Vienna with Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, the only Western minister to be invited by Muskie after the Soviet-American encounter, and Gromyko had indicated that the Soviet Union had made up its mind to pursue the military option in Afghanistan in the coming summer months, in the hope of something all armed opposition before the weather closed in again in October.

Only if this drive failed would the Soviets be tempted to seek a face-saving exit. And in their confidence Muskie could go no further than to warn the Soviets that a summer massacre of Afghan guerrillas could put an intolerable strain on East-West relations.

However, Muskie was reported this week to be toying with the possibility of some approving the Soviet's action, depending on what happened in Warsaw between Brezhnev and Giscard. Although Washington was pained with France far, as it saw it, carrying favor with the Soviets, it could not exclude the chance that the Soviet leader, realizing he had got Giscard on the spot with his Western partners, would feel obliged to offer her something to take home with him. That something might easily be a bubble—but it might also prove to be a ball Washington could play with. □

Dress rehearsal for disaster

The old adage like Franz Josef Strauss the dress rehearsal must have seemed disastrous. The hard-bitten West German conservative leader could (and he had been forced to play out at character and that rehearsal didn't count). But the fact remains that when he looked suffered a crushing defeat last week in a state election won by Norbert Geisler as a revision of the country's national belief in October, Strauss saw his chances of winning the chairmanship from socialist Helmut Schmidt seriously impaired.

The election in North Rhine-Westphalia, was fought on entirely new issues by local candidates for Strauss and Schmidt. It was however, regarded as such a vital test of opinion—the first of its kind—contains really a threat at West German voters and reflects almost exactly the national electorate's social and political makeup—two the national leaders enthusiastically committed to their ambition and prestige to this day.

As it turned out, Schmidt's main opponent, Social Democrat (SPD) Premier-Johannes Rau, was an underdog of victory over the Christian Democrat (CDU) candidate, Karl Diederichs, with 48.4 per cent of the vote compared to 43.2 per cent. And the SPD had yet another reason to crow because the small liberal party which had been put out in the 1980 election, failed to get the five per cent needed for representation. Inevitably Schmidt's men with an absolute parliamentary majority CDU, chiefs met in the shadowed aftermath of the vote to discuss what had gone wrong. To most of them, the answer was Strauss. The controversial Bavarian who was chosen last year over the wiles of



Schmidt's grand old Johannes Rau, president of North Rhine-Westphalia (left), and Strauss. "I won't be pulling my punches anymore."



three party alliance to lead the German right this fall. Yet in an election crucible in their last week that the CDU was facing of clamping Strauss, the 64-year-old former defense minister headed off the revolt by announcing his October elections were still amenable and that he was changing his tactics. "I won't be pulling my punches anymore," he vowed to members of his Munich headquarters. The state seat was a clear admission that his recent attempts to cultivate a statesmanlike image had failed, and the change will be a relief to his admirers, who had had the burden of presenting himself as a moderate field given his campaigning a fit, unbroken tone. But if he makes the shift Strauss, viewed by some as the most forthright politician in Germany and by others as the most dangerous, may well be interesting the electorate.

As the results in North Rhine-Westphalia seemed to indicate, the national world press has into the German is no mood to take

note. While a recent opinion poll indicated that a majority of Germans thought war to be either likely or at least possible, it also showed that most people felt that Helmut Schmidt could exercise a shrewdly influence on the ungrateful United States, while helping to save citizens and stick the Western alliance back together.

It all amounts to heady stuff for the 64-year-old Schmidt, who has run Germany with an imperial touch and an unending Berlin-Kissinger correspondence for the past six years, and he is likely to rise even more bold when he travels to Moscow in June or July to meet Leonid Brezhnev—the first top-level East-West encounter since the 1960s.

Indeed, that pre-election summit could well seal the doom of Strauss, as he will never get another shot at the top job. He is acknowledged in what appears to be an impossible dilemma: if he reverts to his provocative ways, he risks scoring voters off, but if he continues with his statesmanlike he will come across necessarily as a bad insider of the men he seeks to defeat.

Peter Lewis

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Welcome to the first issue of Home Life, a magazine that's taking on the high-sounding task of dealing with the relationship between you and the environment you choose to inhabit.

The home, inside and out, and all the activities and interests that take place in and around it — that is our focal point. We'll evaluate everything from beautiful interiors to the reality of dealing with tradesmen. We'll look at innovative lifestyle ideas and entertaining. We'll introduce you to men and women who cook together as naturally as they live together. We'll present the aesthetic, the practical and the fun.

In this issue we kick off with a look at living outside in the city — on decks, patios, terraces. Two Torontonians show you fresh takes on the oft-neglected bathroom. Experts give you the straight goods on the Canada Home Insulation Program and how to cope with fluctuating mortgage interest rates. If you're a hankering to get a

little dirt under your fingernails, Toronto Star columnist Fred Dale will make sure you know what's happening in gardening circles: how you're supposed to do what and when.

Mike Macbeth, a contributing editor with Canadian Business, will have a regular column investigating the investment aspects of owning a home.

Today law of us can afford a house that's filled with beautiful meaningless objects in rooms that are rarely used, such a house is just an albatross. This is the time to narrow down, assess your lifestyle and build your home around the essentials that make sense in your life.

In this and future issues we'll keep you in touch with trends.

products and developments that make sense. We'll help you define what is right for you, whether you own your home or rent it. We're talking about a house or apartment that functions for you, suits your lifestyle. You should be surrounded by things you love and need. We'll be throwing ideas at you, giving you plenty of choices to help you make your home work for you and your family.

In later issues, we'll cover how you entertain and so you off to things that you might not be aware of. In short, Home Life will be an exciting, involving, involving magazine for men and women, whether they're home owners, renters, apartment-dwellers or simply readers. Enjoy.

Janey Innes, Editor

HOMELIFE

2 A Great Way Out — Decks, patios and terraces: the outdoor life for urbanites.



Cover: Fiberglass screen on a log frame: an ingenious and inexpensive way to utilize the seldom-used side of a house. Old brick floor fits the rustic ambience; contrasts well with Aardvark's weatherproof P.V.C. coated furniture. Designed by John Saladino. N.B. Roof screen should be removed in the winter — it won't support snow load.

8 Hot Tubs The new deck craze that could make you the social lit of the neighborhood.

10 Gut Grooming — A Flomies in Montreal. New ways with tortoiseshell. How to make sure your grass is greener.

12 Ideas — Bathrooms to inspire luxury living renovations.



14 Dialogue — The Canada Home Insulation Program, our biggest housewarming party.

16 How Do — When a window breaks, don't go into a blip trying to find an odd job man. Talk it.

18 Investment Living — A straight look at mortgages and how to cope with fluctuating interest rates.



20 New Stuff — Customer's convection oven will be in the shops in June. Laura Ashley is getting into multi-color prints and more.

OUT

A
GREAT
WAY



Why fight traffic trying to get out of town on weekends? Add a deck or patio to your home (or incorporate a summer into your architect's designs) and bring the country into your own backyard. For a little or a lot, depending on the bank balance, you can create a summer sitting room, a children's play area, a private spot for sun worshipping, and, of course, you're adding to the value of your home. Here are some thoughts to set you scheming.

Above: By building a bedroom balcony and a simple open staircase, these townhouse owners made their garden a feature of the bedroom as well as the kitchen. They used 2x4 cedar with natural stains, lots of climbing and hanging plants

Below: The ideal way to gain extra space for a ravine or hillside property. Platform is post-in-concrete construction should be planned by an architectural engineer or reliable contractor. The pergolas can support ivy or a grapevine.



Above: An unexpected and very effective cleanup job for an ugly rooftop with a brilliant view. A deck of Wolmanized 2x2s sits on top of garage roof, is extended near the house to become a table top with storage underneath. Railing and vine arbour are pipe railing which must be custom-made



Above: A dramatic, peaceful retreat — a boardwalk over a shallow pool. Water must circulate or it will stagnate. Check with landscape contractors or pool companies. Any exterior structure, even a shallow pool, needs a 4-foot footing.

Right: The owners of this house asked architect Myron Goldfinger to incorporate a rooftop for privacy. They got it, plus a bonus: walkout of the master bedroom and a third deck at ground level between the living and dining room.

- Think rooftop if you don't get sun or privacy at ground level.
- The closer you build a wooden deck to the ground, the cheaper it will be.
- Put storage under a high deck — not just chairs, bikes too.
- Make rooftop decks of modules, bolted together; you may need access to the roof.
- Save money by using stock lengths of lumber in deck plan.
- Consider using reclaimed lumber.
- Bulk your purchases: buy wood, stain, fixings all at once and try for a contractor's discount.





A terrace leading off the house is like an extra room for relaxing or dining, especially with an evening air protection. Here, the excavated area beyond gives greater privacy for sunbathing. In winter, the snow-covered levels with shrubs and evergreens still look great through the French windows.

Top right: For a modern house, the ultimate no-care garden. Pool rocks are Northern granite, paving blocks are Toronto Transgranite sets split in half. You could use blocks cut from railroad ties or heavy redwood construction beams. This pool's pump pit is camouflaged with a tid of granite pieces. Benches are 8 foot long hunks of Douglas fir. Designed by E. V.M. Ltd.



- Built at ground level, a masonry surface costs about the same as a low deck.

- Set in sand, masonry is flexible, shape can be changed.

- Need landfill to build a terrace? Look for somebody who is excavating a pool.

- To cut costs you could act as goopher for your stonemason or contractor. Or have a contractor lay driveways, gravel, sand; lay bricks yourself.

- Remember that stone is heavy: before laying it on balconies check allowable weight with building management.

- To estimate number of bricks needed, lay out one square foot of bricks, multiply by square footage of terrace plus 5%.

- Plant tiny flowers and thyme in the joints of flagstone or slate.

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Below: Turn a small city yard or subgarden into an oases with a paving of red brick and an abundance of greenery including indoor/outdoor trees in Import Bazaar's wooden tubs. A split cedar palisade fence adds to the jungle effect. Don't leave untreated wicker or rattan furniture out in the rain.



Cedar Fold of Vancouver makes this simple Kangaroo chair that comes in two interlocking pieces.

Western red and yellow cedar \$52.95 at Patio Gallery Toronto, Ramona's Design, Vancouver, Valley Fireplace Inc. Ottawa.



The Grottex Miami chair is made of a synthetic resin that's completely waterproof and lightweight. The chair has five positions from dining chair to lounger. \$225 without cushions at Patio Gallery Toronto, Manette Clamont, Laval, Hwerth & Pato, Edmonton and Winnipeg, Unique Fireplaces, Calgary.



Comfortable bench and canvas chair by Riverwood has cushioned headrest. In blue, brown, sand or white. \$49 from Zephyr Toronto, Easy Living Design, Vancouver, African Art Centre, Calgary, Estons, Simpsons, the Bay, Couch, love seat, coffee and end tables available.



Right: Mandarin Interior's Madagascari lounger made of woven araga root, completely waterproof and super strong. Choose a waterproof upholstery fabric and leave outdoors without worries. \$950 at Patio Gallery Toronto, Christopher Maser, Calgary. Designer's eye: Mandari. Chairs, sofas and tables also available.

The ultimate in outdoor good taste gives you food for thought



Today, more and more people with an eye for the finer things, are graduating from the ordinary barbecue to the more versatile outdoor gas grill.

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flavour. It even has an accurate temperature gauge, to take the guesswork out of cooking.

With it you can barbecue, broil, roast, smoke, bake, fry or stew, using propane or natural gas. Now, if that doesn't give you food for thought, what your appetite for Broilmaster in a dealer's showroom. For the one nearest you, and a complimentary copy of our buyer's guide, contact B.D. Wait Co. Limited, 630 Weymouth Road, Oakville, Ontario L6K 2G9.

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Ottawa — Head Office
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(519) 745-1651
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HOT

Spook with a hot tub owner and the enthusiasm can border on religious fervor. Joggers describe the joys of getting home to a hot hydro massage. Harassed executives exult about the relaxing relief from tension. Families agree that tub time is a real talking time when all the stones come out.

It would seem that everybody from arthritis sufferers to weight lifters can benefit from a hot soak in swirling 105° water and to top it off, it's fun.

Hot tubs may be the next craze in Canada. Built of rot-resistant wood and sprung in diameter from four to eight feet, they take up less room than a pool as well as being easier to install and maintain. And with winterization they can be used year-round.

Above-ground installation makes them portable, a consideration for renters.

But what are they?

Hot tubs are wooden casks with vertical banded staves held in place by metal hoops and an inset floor. The wooden part is crafted by a cooper as vats and barrels always have been, but unlike a barrel a hot tub has bannisters and hydro jet fittings set into the staves.

A separately housed support system includes a heater that will bring the water temperature to the requisite 104-106°. Bathers sit and soak for 20-30 minutes at a time, their bodies pummeled by muscle-relaxing jets of water.

Water temperature can be kept at a constant high if the tub is used frequently, but it is more usual to switch off the heat when the tub is not being used. Wood has natural insulating qualities — with a thermal cover a tub should only lose 5-10° per day.

A gas (or propane) heater will heat water far more quickly than electric, one hour with gas against two with an 11.5 kW heater.

Location considerations

A 6x4 tub would hold about 700 gallons of water and weigh about 3 tons. Outdoors or in the basement they should be set in

TUBS

concrete. An upstairs installation would require extra beams for support.

Any hot tub should be set into a deck which will protect the plumbing and linings as well as allow easy access. Decking boards should be spaced at least ½ inch apart to ensure free air circulation around the entire tub, necessary to avoid wood decay.

A basement installation should have a floor drain, and ideally the area should be sloed, water displacement is unavoidable.

Winterizing

There are two basic options to prevent freezing: the water can be kept circulating, but this puts stress on the pump; or the piping can be wrapped with heated wires. In both cases the pipes, pump and filter will also need an insulating wrap.

Maximum protection could be gained by building an insulated vault of wood or concrete slabs under the deck.

At what cost?

You can get a 5-foot tub for around \$3,500. This usually covers the tub and basic support equipment, pump, heater, filter unit, jet kits (2-4 of these, depending on tub size and manufacturer) and plumbing fittings. Then come the extras: installation, decking, insulating blanket, wooden cover, an air bubbler system, non-standard pump or heater, insulation — not forgetting the thermometer, water-testing kit and chemicals.

Upside

Units should be drained and cleaned every three months. Cartridge filters can be hoisted clean. A test kit is used three or four times a week to check pH balance, alkalinity, chlorine and water hardness.

Shop around

Because hot tubs are new it is not possible to say with any certainty which would be the most long-lasting. The dark woods, redwoods and cedar are popular in their native California, have sur-

THE NEW TREK necessary that gets you into hot water the beneficial way

vived well in their traditional uses for vats and shingles. Northern pine is Canada's wet and barrel wood with a long life expectancy in that role. It's a very attractive blonde color. Mahogany is certainly tough, but also expensive. Cypress, a swamp tree, should be naturally rot-resistant.

Get an accurate picture by shopping around for suppliers as well as manufacturers. Check the yellow pages and home shows. Each manufacturer has specialized accessories and services. A standard accessory on one system may be an option on another. Ask to inspect an installation completed by any supplier that you are considering. Speak with hot tub owners. And think about saving on installation cost by doing some of it yourself — you will be able to soak away any resulting stiffness.

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PLUMBING WATER SYSTEMS POOL EQUIPMENT WHOLESALE POOL SUPPLIES SPAS GARDENING

GET GROWING

By H. Fred Dale

Florales exposition

The international Florales that began this May in Montreal and runs till September 1 is the first ever held in North America. Visitors will be able to feed their eyes on more than 100 acres of plants and gardens, and get the advice of gardening experts from around the world in seminars lasting from one to three days.

The list of speakers on roses alone reads like a who's who of rose hybridizers, experts and growers: Dick Balfour of the U.K., Niels Poulsen of Denmark, Alan Meiland and Georges Delbard of France, Werner Korbes of Germany, Dr. David E. Gilad of Israel, president of the World Federation of Rose Societies.

The indoor show, which runs from May 17 to May 29, is being held in the Olympic Velodrome. The Outdoor Florales opens May 31 and runs through September 1 in the former Expo '67 French pavilion on the Ile de Notre Dame. Fourteen seminars are being held during this period in the same building. Complete information is available from Les Florales, Botanic Garden, 4101 Sherbrooke St. East, Montreal H1X 2B2.

The outdoor exhibition is most impressive. Quebec's spectacular exhibit, the brainchild of Pierre Bourque, Montreal Botanic Garden horticulturist who planned the Florales, is a chunk of Arctic tundra dug out of the James Bay area. It was trucked 1,500 km south to Montreal and carefully nurtured for the past year by the botanic gardens in the tundra are carnivorous plants and trees dwarfed and twisted by the weather.

The huge U.S. exhibit includes a playground. The U.K. has several areas including the Queen Mother's rose garden celebrating her



birthday (she's 40 this year). France features its seven major cities and the Belgian exhibit contains 19,000 begonia. Plus there are gardens from South America, the Iron or-

tan countries, our federal government and from the provinces of Ontario, Alberta and B.C.

Caged tomatoes

Tomato cages and towers, tomato manufacturer Salco, are a revolutionary new way of growing our favorite fruit (vegetable). Actually they're new versions of old methods for supporting vine-type tomatoes so they don't sprawl all over the ground, subject to damage and dirt.

The big advantage of caged tomatoes, goes the promotion, is that the gardener simply plants the seedling, builds the cage, and sears to the outdoor rocking chair.

It's not quite that simple. First you have to buy and then assemble the cage or tower. In place the cage will support tomatoes like the hybrid Big Boy, Floramanda, or Utopia that keep growing all host (indeterminate). But it's no real advantage for dwarf, determinate kinds such as Fireball or Starline, which sprout down in the bottom of the cage, making fruit hard to find, let alone pick.

Nor do cages make up for weeding, lack of irrigation or soil preparation. Tomatoes need most home garden crops, and they produce more leaves than fruit, unless they get dried out all day.

Set seedlings in a heap of partly rotted compost or straw on top of roted manure inside a cage to ensure lots of minerals and support. Water during droughts, keep weeds down and help adjust the tomato shoots so they grow up and not through the wire, and you'll get a heavy crop of fruit, cheaper than with the older, cheaper stakes and tie system.

You can take advantage of the strength of the spring sun while the ground and air are still cold by

placing a miniature greenhouse over individual plants or whole rows. Such cloches, hot caps or plastic tunnels will speed growth and enable garden plants like tomatoes and strawberries to ripen fruit up to two weeks earlier. In older versions you had to be sure to remove or prop up the caps on a warm, sunny day lest the plants fry. The new version, Instant Greenhouse, clear plastic with metal ribs, comes complete with sits for air conditioning and allows you to plant a whole row if you wish.

Barbecue in the grass

Nothing feels as good as walking barbecue on a lush green lawn on a hot summer day. But left to itself, grass quickly grows to flowering, goes to seed and turns brown and dormant with summer heat.

Supply extra minerals and water though, and keep it mowed to encourage growth, and all you need is a little fertilizer, some water at the right time and commonsense mowing techniques to keep your lawn green the entire summer.

Commercial fertilizer is the easiest, cheapest source of minerals. Ammonium phosphate (ammo phos) is favored on the prairie where soils are naturally high in potash. Elsewhere a complete fertilizer is recommended, use one with the first of the three-kilogram ratio (representing nitrogen) highest, such as 10-8-4. Use the manufacturer's recommended rates at least twice and preferably three times over the season. Do not fertilize in hot weather.

In most areas of southern Canada, irrigation is critical to a lawn's success. Periodic and sometimes chronic summer droughts can be relieved by proper sprinkler use. Rainfall plus irrigation should equal about one inch of water per week in hot, windy weather. Catch the grass when it has a bluish, glassy look and soak it. Do not sprinkle — that encourages shallow rooting.

Mow at two inches or higher to encourage deep rooting, but cut frequently — you don't remove much at a time and the short clippings can remain where they fall, returning humus and minerals to the soil.

Apply selective herbicides as necessary to control broad-leaved weeds.



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I·D·E·A·S

Bathrooms started out as the most luxurious rooms in the house and evolved to become small, sterile and boring. With renovation comes re-think. Bathrooms can be fun places like these two.

A Toronto designer opened up a small, windowed bathroom and made it a spectacular shower room off his third-floor deck. No splash curtain was needed. With floor-to-ceiling terra cotta tile and a slatted floor, showers are taken amongst the jungle-like plants. Perfect for cooling off in summer or letting



kids have fun. Light streams in from the deck and through the skylight; plants thrive on the humidity and everything is reflected in a wall of mirror. In winter the sliding windows are curtained and the room is simply the bath area of the master bathroom, where it's like showering in the Garden of Eden all year round.

Left: an artist's bathroom in downtown Toronto that's shaded by a tree. The skylight was cut into the roof to view the upper boughs of a 150-year-old oak; the roof beams were left to accent the tree-room design. A custom tub is raised on a 15-inch platform, boxed in with white ceramic tile. Bathers can lean back and watch rain splashing or sun dappling the bubble. At right: flowers & light lights cast a wonderful diffused light.

TOP: JAMES GILBERT PHOTOGRAPHY AND VIDEOGRAPHY



HAT'S A HEAT PUMP GOT TO DO WITH SUMMER?

Just one of the questions answered in George Dalgleish's new booklet that's entitled simply — 'HEAT PUMPS'



Thousands of homeowners across Canada know that when it comes to advice on matters in and around the home they can turn to a nationally syndicated writer and broadcaster: George Dalgleish. To find the answers in straightforward terms everyone can understand (but a heat pump in summer?) George has got to be looking right?

Wrong. Heat pumps are no mere foot-warmer friends. A heat pump does the one and the reverse: use of the heat heat present in all but the coldest outside air to heat your home and cut heating costs in winter; also works efficiently in reverse: removing heat from your home all summer. Exactly like ordinary central air conditioning. It's a fact. Just one of many you'll find in 'HEAT PUMPS' — an informative new booklet packed with facts about heat pumps and how they work — and how they can work for you.

That's what 'HEAT PUMPS' is all about. A no-nonsense well-informed

look at the quiet revolution underway in home heating and air conditioning. It may well prove to be the most interesting thing you'll read all year.

If you've been considering the advantages of heating and cooling your home with a heat pump, here's the quick and easy way to find the answers to your questions at a glance — all under one cover.

If a heat pump hasn't been in your plans, George's booklet will show you what a great idea you may have been missing.

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Did you know for example that savings of up to 40% over conventional systems are possible in many parts of Canada using a heat pump? That even at minus 15 degrees Celsius (5 Fahrenheit), 80% of the heat available in the air at 36 degrees Celsius (100 Fahrenheit) is still available? Or that heat pumps can give back 2 or 3 units of heat for every unit of energy



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At York, we think the more you know about heat pumps, the better we look.

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D · I · A · L · O · G · U · E

These experts talk about insulation and CHIP grants

If you own your home or pay for heating the home you rent, you know the high cost of keeping warm. To the rescue — the Canada Home Insulation Program, our biggest government-sponsored housewarming perk, catered coast to coast by some 7,000 insulation contractors, hordes of ubiquitous "handymen" and countless dedicated do-it-yourselfers (Nova Scotia and P.E.I. have a separate but similar Home Insulation Grant Program.) By last March, 484,038 Canadians had taken advantage of subsidies up to \$500 for material and labor to bundle up their homes in batts, blankets and blown-in fibres and loams to the tune of \$153,475,598.38. An estimated 3.6 million homes are eligible for grants under the CHIP and your principal residence (whether you own or rent) is three stories or less, built before 1961 and you haven't already been given the one-time grant you probably qualify.

To give you some key points on CHIP and insulation generally, contributing editor John Dainymple talked to Anna Rose, CHIP Ontario regional co-ordinator, and Brian Allen, secretary-treasurer of the Ontario Residential Insulation Contractors' Association and owner of Simcoe Insulation Ltd., Barrie, Ont.

Home Life: Why does CHIP pay people to insulate their own homes?

Rose: Because, nationally, conservation is the simplest, cheapest way to find extra energy. We offer both financial assistance and public education. We send free kits or a pamphlet with how-to pointers and worksheets that help appraise likely costs and benefits to anyone writing. Keeping The Heat In, Box 3500, Station C Ottawa, K1Y 4G1, or phoning any of our eight regional offices collect.

Allen: Anne, you can't look at insulating strictly as a do-it-yourself thing. Many kinds of homes should only be tackled by professionals.

Rose: Our publication has a whole section on choosing a contractor wisely: points your association agrees with. Brian, get three estimates, sign only a detailed contract, check the Better Business Bureau, verify that the contractor is bonded, certified with Workmen's Compensation, carries liability insurance and has all required municipal and provincial registrations.

Allen: And it's important to ensure that all materials have a Canada Mortgage and Housing acceptance number or you'll forfeit your CHIP grant. The contract is solely between owner and contractor. Your contractor will help you fill out the grant application, but it's you, the consumer, who's on the hook.

Rose: CHIP does inspections only to ensure proper use of public funds. It's up to the homeowner to get value for his money.

Home Life: Which areas are important to insulate and which materials are best?

Rose: The four basic areas are attic, walls, basement walls and under floors. There are pre-formed batts, loose fill of various kinds including mineral wool and cellulose or glass fibres, and unwater-resistant foam. Choice may depend on the type of construction and location. On the prairies, chemically treated wood shavings are popular.

Allen: More critical than choosing a particular material is insulating proper ventilation and a vapor barrier. In summer, ventilation lets the attic heat build-up escape before it reaches the living area. In winter, poor ventilation can cause real damage. Warmth seeping up through the ceiling melts snow on the roof and it runs down to the overhanging eaves again. This ice dam can back up under the shingles and leak, or push away eaves-troughs causing hundreds of dollars in damage.

Rose: Also, the better you insulate the colder your attic will be. That moist air seeping up condenses into frost on the cold rafters and roof deck, and on mild days it melts and drips down, causing all kinds of aggravations.

Allen: Most homes built before 1978 are under-ventilated. I've seen whole ceilings and roof decks that had to be replaced, costing thousands of dollars.

Rose: More recent homes have better vapor barriers: those clear plastic sheets all around exterior walls and ceilings that prevent that warm, moist air from migrating out and condensing.

Allen: And cold air from migrating in.

Rose: In totally uninsulated attics, you can lay a vapor barrier in strips between ceiling joists, making sure it's continuous. That's very labor intensive, though, and more for the do-it-yourselfer.

Allen: I question the value of doing that. Anne, you've got all kinds of inaccessible areas. When there's no vapor barrier or a poor one, it's best to forget it and super-ventilate and add extra vents.

Rose: Maybe. Vapor barriers aren't perfect no matter how well installed.

Allen: The barrier might stop 95% of moisture, but some still gets through. It should always be on the warm side of the insulation only. I've seen people put barriers on both sides thinking they're getting double protection. The bit of moisture that does pass through the first barrier gets trapped within the wall, causing problems.

Home Life: Where should a person of limited means start insulating?

Allen: It depends. In a bungalow the ceiling generally loses most heat and is easiest to do. In a two-story most heat loss will be through the walls, but that's an expensive insulating project.

Rose: Basements, surprisingly, are a major source of heat loss in Canadian homes, especially the upper portion from the floor joists to a couple of feet below grade. In that case, though, you have extra costs for framing to hang the insulation on. And we're forgetting ample weatherstripping and caulking. You can't get anything cheaper than that. CHIP pays for the material, and there's certainly room for the do-it-yourselfer there.



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The next time your neighbor's son hits a homer through your front window, don't panic — fix it quickly and simply yourself. Use putty or glazing compound to hold the glass in place. Standard caulking compound also works (and lasts well!) if that's all you've got around. If you already have the glass, cut it to fit with a carbide-tipped cutter. Using the gauge on the back of the cutter to check that the thickness is right. If you can find them, push-pins are easier to use on wooden windows than triangular glazier's points.



1 Wear heavy gloves to take out broken glass; use pliers to pull out shards.



2 Remove putty with a screwdriver or small chisel. Keep chisel angle low taking care not to gouge frame. Hardened putty can be softened with a sanding non or torch. Test out old glazier's points from wooden windows. Save clips from metal windows.



3 Sand edge smooth. If you're using an oil-base compound coat wood with linseed oil or thinned oil-base paint to prevent wood from absorbing oil from putty.



4 Check for squareness by measuring the diagonals — these should be equal. Measure exact size of opening; deduct $\frac{1}{8}$ inch from each dimension and tell the hardware store you're giving the exact dimension for cutting. If opening is not rectangular, cut a piece of cardboard to fit and use as a pattern. Buy 2mm glass for wooden windows; 3mm for metal; 6mm for doors.



5 Roll putty to a skinny rope; apply around back edge of opening as a bed for the glass.



6 Lay the glass in place, pressing firmly at the sides, not in the middle.



7 Hold glass in wooden frames with glazier's points every 4-6 inches. For metal sash, press clips into holes in the sash.



8 Roll putty to a $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch rope. Finger-press firmly around edge of pane. Finish by pulling putty knife along at an angle. Knife will move more smoothly if dipped in a little paint thinner (oil-base compound) or water (latex-base).



9 Leave a day or two to set. Give sash a final coat of paint, edging just onto the window to seal the joint.

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time on your investment.

It will also inform you of other fuel saving measures such as weather-stripping and storm windows, lowering your thermostat and having your furnace serviced.

It will tell you how to apply for financial assistance from Federal and Provincial programs, such as the Canadian Home Insulation Program.

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BUYING A MORTGAGE

Help For The Harmed Homeowner

By Mike Macbeth

Courage Optimism. A crystal ball. And the glint of the gambler's eye. These seem to be the minimum prerequisites to take pen in hand and sign an agreement to purchase a home today.

Only one word describes the present mortgage market: volatile. As interest rates fluctuate in a confused, uncertain atmosphere, lending institutions are reluctant to offer the traditional term mortgages whose rates were requested every five years. In fact, lately some companies have been offering mortgages whose interest rates are renewed every six months.

How can a beleaguered family know whether now is the right time to buy a house when even the experts cannot agree? The pessimists among them advise buying now before the rates go up again. Optimists, conversely, suggest waiting a year or so, hoping the rates will ultimately peak and last. The only consensus among economists these days is: no one has any answers. Until our economy is no longer tied so closely to the United States, our interest rates will correspondingly rise and fall.

Few among us can afford to pay cash for our new home. Therefore, when shopping for that inevitable mortgage, the informed purchaser must become familiar with the variables common to all mortgages. Every mortgage has a dollar value, an interest rate, a term of renewal, an amortization period, and will be

either open or closed. The combinations of these factors determine how much the mortgage will ultimately cost you.

The interest rate, the subject of so much speculation in the bewildering market, affects your monthly payments, which are calculated over the amortization period of the mortgage and recalculated at the renewal of the term when new interest rates are negotiated.

The term is the period of time in which the present interest rate is fixed. Traditionally, it was renewed every five years. Today mortgage companies are reluctant to offer terms even as long as three years. The longer the term, the higher the interest rate.

The amortization period is the overall length of time you would hold the mortgage if it did not have to be renewed; it is used simply as a basis for calculating your monthly payments. In other words, if your payments are calculated on the basis of a 15-year amortization period, they would be very high usually the amortization period is 20 or 25 years. So, while your monthly payments are considerably less with a 25-year amortization period, you pay a lot more in the long run. Best to get the shortest amortization period your cash flow can handle: more of your money goes to paying off the principal.

Mortgages may be open or closed. An open mortgage may be paid off at any time without notice or penalty. However, one pays a

higher rate of interest for that privilege. A closed mortgage has a lower interest rate than an open mortgage. However, the mortgage is locked into the terms of the mortgage and, if interest rates fall, in some cases it becomes impossible to get out of the mortgage and to refinance at the new, lower rate. In other situations, a substantial penalty — from 3 to 9 monthly payments — may be imposed to discharge the mortgage. This is at the discretion of the lender.

Since the experts in the field are reluctant to predict trends for the next few disruptive years, how does the prospective homeowner secure a mortgage that will give him the most flexibility in such a volatile market? Home Life spoke with Michael Stephenson of Executive Compensation Consultants Ltd., Toronto, who suggests the following steps will protect you when buying in uncertain times.

Be sure you can afford the mortgage. The face value of the mortgage should be no more than 3 times your annual take home pay. Ideally that should come from one spouse's earnings only. Another formula, used by banks, suggests that monthly mortgage payments should not exceed 35% of the total gross monthly income.

Shop carefully. Choose the lending institution according to its interest rate, terms and reputation.

Make the largest down-payment you possibly can. No one wants to scrimp on new drapes

and rugs, but remember the smaller your mortgage, the less it will ultimately cost you, and the smaller your monthly commitment.

Use open mortgage. This way, the mortgage can be reduced at any time without penalty. If your Aunt Milly dies, leaving you a bundle, you may discharge the entire mortgage immediately. Or if interest rates drop, you may discharge your mortgage and remortgage at the new lower rate. The open mortgage gives you flexibility, and therefore protection in a volatile market. The interest rate will be higher.

Get the longest term possible. If you can get a 5 year term open mortgage, you are protected against rising interest rates for 3 years before the rate is requested. However, if interest rates go down, the flexible open mortgage will allow you to discharge this mortgage for a less costly one.

Spread the debt over the shortest time your cash flow will allow. As this example illustrates, the length of time you hold the debt is directly related to cost.

A \$50,000 mortgage, at 17% held for 20 years, payments would be \$711 per month; total payment would be \$170,640. Held 25 years, \$696 monthly, total payment \$208,800. Held 30 years, \$689 monthly, total payment, \$248,040. Therefore, by paying only \$7 per month extra, you reduce the total debt by \$48,240. And paying \$22 more monthly saves \$77,400.

If possible, buy based on one salary only, save any second salary to reduce your mortgage. Properly whatever you can afford. A mortgage is a non-deductible debt. You are paying it with after tax dollars. Discharge your mortgage if ever possible, even paying a pen-

alty is worth discharging a debt paid with after tax dollars.

Have a "sinking" fund. Protect yourself by having at least 2 months mortgage money in savings or liquid form, in case of emergency. A layoff, pregnancy or major repair could ruin your budget.

Reduce credit cards or other debts. Examine your credit. Since most cards have an interest rate of 21% they will cost you more than your mortgage. It is difficult for a homeowner to assume huge mortgage payments on top of large

credit card debts and may jeopardize your qualifying for a mortgage. If you cannot survive each month without your credit cards, you probably can't afford the mortgage. Cut up the cards you don't need, discharge all credit card debt, and set your credit limit back to \$500. Remember, credit should be used to even out fluctuating financial debts. If you need credit to get you through each month, you are falling behind and certainly can't afford the additional burden of a costly mortgage.




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Oman

The sultan flirts with Uncle Sam

They've been called "the popular view of the West," the narrow 12-mile-wide Straits of Hormuz, through which an estimated 60 per cent of the Western world's oil is routed. But to Flight Lieutenant Terry Dowdle, pilot of a VIP helicopter in the Sultan of Oman's air force, the Soviet frigate anchored there has become more of a circus attraction than a threat to the world's lifeline.

Flying high above the Soviet ship for the emptiest time in a week, he shouts to his crewmen: "Way, Road, Way! We want to come back tomorrow!" And as yet another photographer scrambles to record the scene, Dowdle obligingly in midair, grinning ready at the camera-firing, waving Soviet sailors below. "They'll be as eager to do down there soon!" Dowdle comments nonchalantly, as he signals the chopper back toward shore. "They change crews every 10 days or so to prevent them from getting bored silly."

If the rain currently reigning over Hormuz is indeed boring ally the usual Eastern Near pitch—the U.S. has 27 naval vessels in the area—it is having decidedly the opposite effect on Western militarists and diplomats. After years of equivocation, Washington has offered Oman, the straits' territorial guardian, a military aid package worth \$100 million simply to gain a toe-hold in the region (Oman, probably leased offshore, and contingent upon the sultan's approval that such access is warranted).

For the 39-year-old Sultan, Qaboos bin Saïd, the agreement has been a triumph. Left with little support after the fall of the shah, whose troops played a major part in putting down a South Yemen-inspired revolt in the southeast, his destiny has faced what Qaboos and his British advisers describe as a renewed and growing threat from South Yemen and the Soviet and Cuban troops there, as well as increasing distress from the revolutionary regime in Iran on the other side of the straits.

Suddenly, after years of pleading to deaf ears, he has succeeded in enlisting not only the military aid he has so eagerly sought but, even more significantly, an agreement that the United States will come to his aid in the case of an attack by the Soviets. Most impressively he has done so without enlisting the U.S. bases (its troops, he says, would not be welcome in Oman).

Despite this apparent inhospitability, the U.S. has already secured a trustwor-

thy ally. The only Arab leader to back Qaboos, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and the Camp David accord, Qaboos incurred the wrath of the Arab world for his stand, yet offered his immediate support to President Jimmy Carter's Olympic boycott and even played a minor role in the American-backed invasion into Iran.

An astute disciple of international politics, Qaboos spent four years before coming to power confined under house arrest by a tyrannical father who feared his son's modern ideas would destroy the sultanry. Released in 1973 as the result of a British-engineered coup (the old sultan shot himself in the foot and was shouted off to a London hotel suite), Qaboos inherited with his adolescent a raging guerrilla war and a population 98-per-cent illiterate and rife with chaos.

His response was a "hearts and minds" campaign which, at a decade,

The sultan of Oman, Qaboos bin Saïd (right), the Straits of Hormuz (bottom), and Soviet frigate (bottom) guard the world's lifeline.



STRAITS OF HORMUZ



STRAITS OF HORMUZ

STRAITS OF HORMUZ

The reward of the cradle

Former Gaullist prime minister Michel Debré thundered that the country was "defeating" itself. Decried neither opposition nor hysteria. Can France survive as a nation? The threat is a kind of war neither nuclear war nor Soviet tanks rolling across the Alps nor the sound of the European Commission shrieking up

an endangered species. Those opponents see the practical problem of how such a policy work force would support the weight of an aging society. Debré and President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing has divided an industry with these attacks in the past. The solution he used, however, "brought reflection" although as a father of five himself he declared speedily intervention on what his countrymen should do about it.

The most outspoken advocate of a new baby boom, however, was Louis Duval, a father of four. His remedy is to pay women who have at least four children a monthly \$146 salary. But French feminists see the

idea that his people from the Middle Ages at least to the start of the 20th century. Roads, clinics, mosques and schools are being built as fast as the Gaullist and sympathetic French government can fund them. Close to 40 percent of the country's military budget is now being allocated to civil aid.

Life has changed, too, for the 700 British officers who are still stranded of under contract to the French army. Whether Quebec fears for the future, these days the Ontario's greatest problem at the case-bullet-point harder outposts (aside from avoiding land mine laid by the British) for their former British allies in preventing 300,000 Vietnamese refugees at the site of up to 100 a day.

The numbers are surely of last-people proportions. But word of Quebec's goodwill has got around and the refugees see a demanding lot. One group recently threatened to stage a sit-in unless they were taken from the border by helicopter instead of sea. As an officer explained with very amusement: "These people know a good thing when they see it. I've educated people who were supposed to be university [B] French then to be grateful and they've all got out the front gate and gone shopping." Nevertheless, the border and inside campaign has eased much of the discontent and permits the police to maintain his quiet life-style without apparently arousing resentment.

Quebec now divides his time between his four palaces, in which sub-rotating. As a Jesuit-style servant, he has been through black carpets, offering visitors from common and Arabian delicacies on the finest gold-plated china. His semi-annual trip between north and south is often made in a convoy of Land Rovers—at least once he had 195—while a low bus, as servants set up velvet curtains in various tape and dance, he will off into the mountains and down local concerns with the people.

Also in line on these trips are a gold-trimmed helicopter, a private plane, a yacht and several smaller boats with accompanying crews. But usually Quebec returns to his home in the north, working late into the night. Early morning with the latest edition of *Jeune Boie*, of *Armée* to listen to the opinions of his beloved Offert and Sullivan.

The strains of *The Perseus of Perseus*, however, have yet to be fully felt by the Gaullist. He has led to the toppling of the ship. But his expeditionary handling of religious matters and frequent interaction with his people have been created, for the moment at least, a warm niche and, if his determination to state that is not from his own self, mutual borders may continue to rise in "the jungle war of the West."

Marcel McDougal



Palestinian and family, cash bonus for birth

but a danger that has excluded the immigration at the risk of every political position and proved a tangle of embarrassment to the national machine.

The growing immigration of a country full of angry critics.

In the past 15 years, France's birthrate has plunged dramatically from 2.9 babies per couple to only 1.6—a statistic that has sent demographers out on the stump like protective Christians warning that a nation needs a rate of 2.1 to replace itself.

It is a hard fact that has lived much of Western Europe's United States, Canada and even the Soviet Union. News that is enough to send a population growth advocate to pop champagne corks and turn such Third World countries as Egypt and India given with envy. But in France, where birthrate was once a point of national honor, the politicians are gloomily predicting that the current population of 60.3 million will go into a slide after the year 2030 with other industrialized countries, and by the year 2030 the number of people in the world could be a scant 14 million.

Apart from the specter of the French as

U.S.A.

Another blow for the blacks

By William Lowther

Then a minute's walk from the United States Supreme Court, north through the affluent and integrated section of Capitol Hill, just beyond the busy townhouses with their barred windows and double-decked doors, lies the ghetto. There's no mistaking the run-down, broken little bums—or the sense of danger of you being to be white.

Sitting on his front porch, his green pants blattered, the wood rotting, a 54-year-old Charles Houston, who moved south to Washington from Georgia 30 years ago. "It's all finished now," he says in a raspy drawl. "Civil rights is dead. We don't get that far and I don't think we're going any further. The white folks don't want to give up more."

Houston, out of work for the past six

Gilbert and Cox. We all finished now



The dark side of the Sunshine State

I look the all white, all-white guy a more 20% have to avoid law while he's been proven in the ground being down last December of 23 year old black man, salesman Arthur McDuffie. Within hours of the announcement a lawsuit closed at 7,000 had gathered on the pink marble steps of the White House Justice Building screaming. Where is justice for the black man in America?

A few minutes before 10 p.m. that night the crowd now exploded into groups of seething youths. Claimed its first victim on 62 Street in the city's poorest black neighborhood, the northwest. Bernie Hughes, a 21-year-old father, drove two friends home after a late night when dragged from his car followed with concrete blocks and run over by cars repeatedly systematically.

Less than 36 hours later at Marley's annual press conference, Dade County Public Safety Director Stanley Jones revealed 10 dead (some had been murdered), more than 400 injured and more than 500 arrested. Most of the city of Miami was under martial law. Arthur McDuffie



On guard in Miami, 'crushed like an egg'

beaten while apparently hospitalized and murdered he was treated like an egg—in a motorcycle crash police had claimed—was overgrown.

This trial is the first Miami police case to be moved to Tampa by Judge Levine. He had wanted to prevent a line bomb from going off in a courtroom. But press had been building for a long time in February 1980. Five Miami police officers had been killed in a riotous riot, backed in the door at the home of Dr. Martin Luther King who had returned to Miami. When it was over, Levine had two indicted the officers on his trial and sent lawyers. Unfortunately, police had gone to the wrong address. No one was charged from the riot and it never would have been the end of a mistake.

months, may well be right. The verdict that sent Miami's blacks on a screaming, burning rampage that week (on Monday was only one indication of the month, its at least landmark decision, the Supreme Court had ruled that the city of Mobile, Alabama—and, by precedent, anywhere else—must legally follow its preference and elect police officials "at large" rather than by districts).

If that sounds like a minor bureaucratic matter, it's not. The decision means that Mobile is white area again to keep blacks out of power. The city has a five-member board. Until 1978 all board members were elected at large—that is, the members did not represent any particular district and the population as a whole voted for all five. As a result, a black candidate who upset white voters had no hope of election because even if every black in the city voted for him they could never hope to beat candidates supported by the white two-thirds of the population.

Then a federal court ordered that Mobile switch to district elections. Immediately, the two black areas sent two blacks, Norman O. Cox and Robert Odell Ford, to represent them. But Mobile

Last autumn, another black, Randy Nash was shot to death by an off-duty policeman working on a factory guard. Nash's wife saw the shooting, claimed her brother's only crime was to urinate in public and that he had been shot while standing with his hands against a wall. The black community was already in a rage over the case of Willie T. Jones, a white Florida Highway patrol officer, allowed to resign and given three years probation by a Dade circuit judge after severely mauling an 11-year-old black boy.

It is now claimed to appoint the black community—and to "see the police as a force" and "White House Press Secretary Judy Powell—President Jimmy Carter dispatched Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti to Miami to begin first almost certain federal prosecution of the law enforcement. Meanwhile, Miami Dade County commissioner Barbara Givens, whose home is at the heart of northern Miami, now largely reduced to rubble and the ashes of hundreds of destroyed businesses warned of a long, hot summer. What we are really talking about is a question of race. It's not a question of race. You don't expect people who are given choices to behave peacefully." —Andre McNeill

back to ease to the Supreme Court and the decision, two years in the making, was put into effect with dispatch. When the Mobile school board met earlier this month, President Dan Alexander promptly dismissed Cox and Gifford.

The effects are being felt across the South. Four cities in Mississippi—Jackson, Hattiesburg, Greenville and Greenwood—have initiated court cases to preserve governing boards or commissions that are elected at large. So have Little Rock, Arkansas; Jackson, Tennessee; East Baton Rouge Parish, Louisiana; and Dallas County in Alabama.

The U.S. justice department has suspended attempts to press a suit against South Carolina to stop the at-large election of state senators, while it "confers" the Mobile decision, and the Florida Supreme Court is received in a case nearly identical to that of Mobile.

The state of Mississippi is a classic example of how at-large voting works. Blacks make up 66 per cent of the population. Under the old system there was one black in the 116-member legislature. The federal court ordered new redistricting and 11 blacks were elected Nov. 5, these gains may be wiped out.

"The message ought to be clear—that the Supreme Court of the United States is tired of doing for black folk," says James U. Blacketer, a lawyer for Mobile's black conservatives. "They believe the Civil War is over, they believe Reconstruction is over, they believe Jim Crow is over and they now believe the civil rights movement is over."

Blacketer reflects a generally held attitude among black leaders. In this perspective, the Mobile decision is the second major setback from the Supreme Court. The first came two years ago when Chief Justice Warren P. Burger wrote a decision that, in effect, new commissions could not run "integrative" programs that provided special treatment and advantages for a specific racial group.

Reacting to what he sees as a steady "drift" in black power, Benjamin C. Hooks, head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), says that the economic decline of the late 1970s has all but wiped out the steady economic progress that blacks made in the 1960s. And it is not only black organizations that are concerned.

In its last major report, the U.S. Civil Rights Commission noted that 25 years after the Supreme Court outlawed public-school segregation nearly half of all minority-group schoolchildren remained in "racially isolated schools" and that Congress, through anti-busing and other legislative riders, had prevented federal agencies from taking action to effect this. The commission also

charged that "housing discrimination still was widespread" and that unemployment among black males 20 and over was about 9.3 per cent compared with 5.3 per cent for white males.

Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that black leaders were alarmed earlier this month when 59-year-old Harold Covington, head of the U.S. Nazi party, was 5.9 per cent of the turnout in an election to find a Republican nominee for state attorney-general in North Carolina. Covington's platform was that whites in America must "rehabilitate" and fight for survival, the white man had gotten "too damned civilized," he said. ☐

Strangers in a strange land

THE 60,000 Cubans who fled from Castro's island to Florida, before President Jimmy Carter last week ordered the flow stopped, were probably certain their new lives would never be as trying as the ones they had abandoned. They could be wrong.

Racial and religious backlash, chronic unemployment and possible violence are ugly future prospects for south Florida where most of them will settle. Already 50,000 Cubans, plus smaller communities of other Latin American immigrants, have made Miami predominantly Spanish-speaking. And a recent, telling survey in *The Miami Herald* showed that two-

thirds of the 644 selected readers polled thought Duke County, which includes Miami, would be better off without the latest arrivals.

In Miami, local open-line radio programs hosts are accepting backlash responses from their angry callers. "What about disaster aid for native Americans? I can't find a job in the private sector because I don't speak Spanish," blurted out an angry voice on station WWSB. In the Florida Panhandle, where the sprawling Rights Air Force base has been converted to a large refugee centre, young Cuban refugees taking their first steps watched as hooded local Klansmen escorted them of being "the new Catholic masses."

There is also the possibility of a backlash from within the Cuban community itself, where the sharp class distinctions that divided pre-revolutionary Cuba are perpetuated. Unlike the larger mass of the early 1960s, overwhelmingly professionals, businessmen and entrepreneurs, the present cohort is made up of poor low-level government workers, some criminals and the very young.

Cuban-American sociologist Juan Clark disagrees. He suggests that the cash and flashy businesses acquired by earlier Cuban immigrants will be used to supply aid, then jobs for the newly arrived exiles. But if he is right, the backlash from Anglo-Floridians, as well as the black population, which sees the newcomers as competitors for low-paying jobs, will merely increase.

At first it seemed that Carter, in admitting the Cubans, was acquiescing for Florida's considerable Hispanic vote. Now, as his shift to demands for more orderly movement from Havana shows, he is probably more worried about the mounting anti-refugee reactions. Florida Governor Robert Graham admitted recently he may soon request "a Caribbean state." It's a prospect that a growing number of vocal non-Latin Floridians want Washington to prevent.

Jake Halton

Cuban Americans sign up for welfare in Cuba for U.S. sent food and medicines at anti-refugee meeting. "Catholic message"



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Soon to join the company of such former girlfriends as **Mia Farrow** and **Wicki Juanga**, gentle personality **Karen Kain** will become the subject of **Andy Warhol's** brunch. Warhol, who met Kain four years ago when she was dining with **Rudolf Nureyev** and was smitten with her beauty then, shot a couple of hundred Polaroid snaps of her last month and will produce 200 limited-edition silk-screen prints and four acrylic canvases of her. Meanwhile, Kain is rumored to be helping **Lee Majors** get over his broken heart courtesy of **Patricia Richardson**. Kain and Majors have been billing and cooing in restaurants, and in one Majors was overheard suggesting to a young boy, who had asked for his autograph when Kain left the room, "Why don't you ask Karen for her autograph too?"

After primary visit in Maryland and Nebraska last week scored him his



Downtown look at the U.S. Supreme Court, co-starred with **Scott Armstrong**, was highly amused by the array of an invitation to address the Criminal Lawyers Association in Toronto last week. Woodward also got a check-in of the seating arrangements—he was placed between Ontario Chief Justice **William Howland's** wife, **Patricia**, and **File Jay**, wife of Ontario Attorney General **Joe McMurtry**. "Wow I am seated in the United States," he speculated on etiquette-based mistakes. "I might be the only reporter ever to be found dead with two desetipen wounds in his corpse."

Five years after leaving the Toronto bar circuit, where he romped alongside **Russula Hawkins**, Ottawa-born **Paul Travers**, 24, is breaking into interna-



tional ranks with his two latest albums, **Love** and **Cream and Shave**. Explaining the latter title, Travers says, "I got wrecked with a Cuban vodka lady in New Orleans and she told me the world was going to crash and burn in 1980. Sounded like a good song title to me." He teases about the heavy-metal tag she stuck with as "a dumb category"

and, even at 24, has disdain for CanArt interference. "I don't really feel like a Canadian—all that flag-waving stuff," says Travers. "I don't mean to sound odd, but I'm a citizen of the world. This country has an inferiority complex."

Possibly the best quote from the Crown Film Festival this year: "Would you write me a few personal notes about your fear of death?" No, it isn't a line from an upcoming **Woody Allen** film. It was a request from Quebec director **Gilles Carle** to Carol Laure during the shooting of their latest collaboration, **Phantoms**. The film is Canada's heavy-duty competitor this year, but it received much bad-mouthed after it surfaced. Carle didn't help matters by immediately comparing his efforts to **Apocalypse Now**. Carle, **Laure**, **Laure's** co-star and composer of the music for **Phantoms**, and **Laure** made a grand entrance anti-cru- at their very own gala opening dressed all in black—presumably having exchanged personal pain in their fear of death, which was nowhere in evidence as they smiled for the cameras.

Guido Gassman, 40-year-old sister of the late **Bob Woodward**, currently basking in the best of times as the **Deviner**, an **Uptown**

"I am neither a murderer nor a well-known reporter," says **Mr. Tasse**, also an **Almanac** spokesman, pointed by the names of Ontario, where this month he was acquitted on charges of being nude in a public place. The 26-year-old male stripper has dropped his drawers with impunity in **Vancouver**, **Edmonton** and **Calgary**, but not his tongue when a 95-seat-out female audience in a **Dawson**, Ontario, tavern begged

Mr. Tasse (left) and **Roger Whittaker** looking for the Crown Film Festival and the truck that it is in the top of a tip



him to "take it all off." At the time, he was sporting only a streamlined **Crown Royal** whisky bag instead of a fig leaf. "I can't take it all off," said **Mr. Tasse**, leaving the stage in an apparent attack of modesty. He then reappeared wearing briefs (which he shed) and a cage (which he waved). Much to **McMurtry's** delight, a judge ruled his performance "in good taste"—compared to some

Despite the occasional crying hiss and pensive frowning over their jobs, the **Wilson brothers** still refer to themselves as **The Beach Boys**. **Brian**, 37, **Dennis**, 35, and **Carl**, 33, are just five-

ishings their 18th year of North American tours in the wake of their 18th album. Through the band still cuts an album of new material each year, its audience remains much the same generation to the surf-surf-surf-surf years of **California Girls** and **Good Vibrations**—before **Dennis Wilson's** illness falling in with **murderer-brother Charles Manson** (who ironically co-wrote **Never Love** **And Love**) and **Brian Wilson's** nervous collapse. **Roger's** the Summer **Alive** way wind up being some epitaph than **epigram**—**Dennis** splitting for solo efforts, **Brian** still shaky and **Carl Wilson** clearing out songs with **ex-Diana Ross** **Runaway** **Blackman**. "At the rate of one an hour," **Carl** explains his assembly-line philosophy of writing songs that "feel good," whether they mean anything or not, by saying "Well, at that rate, of course, you don't have time to think about them."

Five years ago **Roger Whittaker** wrote a song called **The Last Farewell**, and the emotion-strung ballad has heated the whistling warbler ever since. "It was a very difficult song to fulfill," he admits. "I guess people like to know they're not the only ones who have suffered." Whittaker, however, isn't suffering these days. In recent, he's relaxed enough to teach his audience the secret intricacies of Reagan whistling (the secret's all in a flip of the lip) and, for a TV special, he has been known to smile producers into boasting an elephant onto a balcony. On visits home in England between deers, **Kirsty** born **Whittaker**, 44, helps her with, **maternal**, keep track of his \$3,500-a-week fee, answering even more fan mail with unwavering courtesy. "I have to keep communicating with my audience," says the jet-setting ex-bachelor. "It's important to know that what you're saying is still significant to people."

In 1980 as an NFL quarterback, **Fran Tarkenton** clocked a lot of miles running away from ugly middle-finger-balls. He still is on the move with the current **Top Gun** **Warner Bros.** **TV** show **The Incredible**, and will reunite tonight former **Howard Cosell** for another season of **Monday Night Football** this fall. A big appealor even with non-jack audiences—**Tarkenton's** home of **Saturday Night Live** has been re-born—**Tarkenton** again has been also head of a management consultant firm and author of three books on football. While logging about \$5,000 an office a month, the dramatically busy **Tarkenton**, 40, makes use of spare moments by checking out the latest educational material. "If they're interesting, I talk, if not, I read."

Edited by **NANCY PERRY**



90 per cent of the 1985 delegates he needs to win. She **Reynolds** **Reynolds**, **Reynolds** **Reynolds** is almost certain to win his party's vote of trust—and that means wife **Nancy** is breathing down **Ronald's** neck and checking out **White House** bathrooms for color schemes. Mrs. Reagan refused her autobiography, **Nancy**. It coincides with the couple's, and apparently had some trouble with co-writer **Bill Libby** over what vital statistics she would include. Presumably in an effort to keep up with her husband's frantic search for eternal youth, **Nancy** absolutely refused to divulge her date of birth. **Libby** insisted it was his birthday—July 6, 1928. **Nancy** was also reluctant to discuss her own offspring. The unbridled

Karen Kain, **Nancy** and **Paul Travers** (left) and **Travers** (right) perform poems, epigrams, **Calvin** and **Charles** and **Charles** on the **White House** decor

Mrs. Reagan decided to gloss over her battles with daughter **Patricia** about a love-in bed-friend, and **son** **Michael's** love for ballet dancing. "Let's leave it at the fact that they're artists."

Whether he **Bob Woodward**, currently basking in the best of times as the **Deviner**, an **Uptown**



tional ranks with his two latest albums, **Love** and **Cream and Shave**. Explaining the latter title, Travers says, "I got wrecked with a Cuban vodka lady in New Orleans and she told me the world was going to crash and burn in 1980. Sounded like a good song title to me." He teases about the heavy-metal tag she stuck with as "a dumb category"



Wayne Gretzky, Brad Brannan, Lorne and Smith (left), and (right) Mike Bossy and Nystrom: the doctor did a miracle

didn't work out that way." It did in game two. Penalty minutes more than tripled, to 84. The Flyers were 4-5 behind Paul Holmgren's three goals and Bobby Clarke's 10th playoff point. The fans in the Spectrum loved it, roaring for the blood of Islander stylist Bryan Trottier and Mike Bossy. As Islander Gord Lane and Flyer Bill Barber squared off with their sticks, one spectator hoarsely roared, "Just like the good old days." It was the return of the vintage "hockey" that had earned the Flyers in Stanley Cups in 1974 and 1976, yet personalized now by sophomore Ken (the Rat) Linseman. During one shift in the second period he hit the face off, lifted his stick between Islander Barry Gornig's legs, allowed Bob Nystrom, held Bob Lornier's stick until he was out of the play, then chased Nystrom down the ice, repeatedly hitting, then yanking his stick between Nystrom's legs. No penalties were called. Asked about his collision with Duane Sutter, which, in the Flyers' style, led to a fight between Sutter and Brad Brannan, Linseman replied, "Don't know what you're talking about." The subject certainly wasn't hockey.

Before the series began in Philadelphia it received a media buildup worthy of Hollywood. For the first time, none of the six original National Hockey League teams was represented, an event to which the ABC American television network, too, became involved to televise the sixth game, if the notes lasted. But the media's central message was that the Flyers were back on Broad Street ready to engage the New York

couch Bobby Clarke, chewing his Garret tobacco. A consensus was reached. The next game would be different.

A different scene. Islander coach Al Arbour is accessible, if aloof and implacable. Yet, following game two, he and his assistants, and a couple of players, sat behind closed doors. A doctor was called in to do "a quick survey" and the door closed again. Another decision was finally reached. Arbour murmured, "If they want to play like that—if they want to be spine-creepers and won't drop 'em... they're gonna get it right back the same way. We'll fight 'em with fire."

After game one Arbour had said, "Everybody predicted that tonight would be the Golden Gloves, but it

Sports

When they play for real, it's no contest

By Hal Quinn

They were similar though strange scenes, separated by two days, yet typifying this spring's Stanley Cup finals. The Philadelphia Flyers are a grizzled team, open to visitors and questions, win or lose. But after game one of the National Hockey League series, the monger-like dressing-room scene was different: The Flyers had just lost to the New York Islanders 4-3. Off in a corner shared with weight-lifting equipment was the old guard, separately, isolated. Staring at the door, they added with their ears of beer and twiddled their cigarettes—Bill Barber, Bob Daisley, Reg Leach, Moose Dupont, Captain Mel Bridgman and player-assistant

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blunders in an epic revival of "Goon Hockey Strikes Back." Flyer himself was Jack McHughery, who had contributed one shot on net in his three previous playings; apparently this season, needed a cheer that matched the volume of the year that greeted Islander goalie Billy Smith in the game and introduction. The beer-soaked Spectrum hometown fans were ready for Ripponen Worn.

But the tape didn't roll. Despite overtime, the play offered all the excitement of a rerun of *The Waltons*. ("The press gave it too much of a buildup," and Lussman, a note of regret in his voice. "The referee was prepared, so it will probably happen later.") New York Captain Denis Potvin scored three times that night (he poked his first into his own net), in the Islanders' victory.

Given that the first season had begun eight months earlier and the playoffs six weeks ago, hockey fans could be excused symptoms of terminal boredom and depression to warm-weather activities. But not on Long Island. Islander fans (tragedy in the Colonies, indeed) against the Flyer "apartment" for the first-ever Capital series home game in their team's eight-year history.

The bloodbaths, however, were disappointed. The first fight didn't start until halfway through the second period, and by that time the game was over. Finished in the first 15 minutes when the Islanders took a 4-0 lead. But the pre-season hype prevailed: Five minutes later, Islander Gary Hawat and Flyer Tom Gamble poked up 12 penalty minutes each for fighting, followed by New York's Lane and Philadelphia's McHughery, who picked up 15 minutes each. Just 35 seconds later, Barber high-sticked Islander Bob Bourne and Potvin scored his second on the power play. And, in the final moments of the second period ticked away, Lussman and Nyström roughed each other up as fans poured from their seats to bang the glass. It ended with another scuffle, the score 6-2 for the Islanders.

In all, five of the six Islander goals were scored with a Flyer in the penalty box. Flyer General Manager Keith Allen had said during the season (Maclean's Dec. 12, 1978) that the Montreal Canadiens' 12 consecutive Stanley Cups and the play of the Soviet Union teams had demonstrated that the old Flyer style was passé. But now Coach Pat Quinn was saying, "I tried to get them out of it for a few weeks, but they kept winning anyway," setting an 844-point season record of 28 games without a loss. After giving up a 3-0 lead in the first period, Quinn said before game four "We're not going to change our style."

To the chagrin of the bloodbaths, a hockey game broke out on Long Island

in game four. It was a contest. Without the services of Hedberg (knee injury) and defenseman Jim Watson (wrenched fractured collarbone), the Flyers allowed the Islanders to skate and play-make. It ended 5-2 for New York, giving them a 3-1 lead in the best-of-seven final. One scuffle passing for the only fight. And, like a long-haul network seeking a crowd, the Island of Manhattan embraced Long Island in the hope that a Cop would wash ashore after an absence of 48 years. "Sure I enjoyed playing tonight, without all the high sticks," said Mike Bory, after scoring his third goal and seventh point of the series. "But that doesn't mean the Flyers will play that way in game five back at the Spectrum." If they did, the Watsons wouldn't be watching; but perhaps CBS would, if necessary. ☐

Falling hands pass on the Flames

Like some fancy French wine, which matures if nurtured near its parent vineyard, but which bruises and becomes bland with export, hockey has not traveled well to the southern U.S. Bourbon Belt. Case in point: the wistful and unmet Atlanta Flames hockey club. Club President Bob Kent ex-



Darryl Seaman and (right) Shulman proving \$25 million down the club drain

firmed this week the decision to ship the sport, as played by the Flames, back north—for the debilitation of Calgary. Until last management, fans in that oil-rich, sports-sport town have thrived through ticketed games for a team to call their own. New York only remains for final-round competition between Calgary brothers Byron and Darryl (Doc) Seaman and Vancouver industrialist Nelson Skalbania is to acquire it to them.

The Flames' present owner, Thomas Cassano, an Atlanta land developer, must have tasted trouble when he first tried to salvage the expansion team

four years ago: he negotiated a waiver of a National Hockey League rule forbidding relocation without the unanimous approval of the league's board of directors and, thanks to this foreboding, the sale of the Flames is now probably beyond a league veto or expansion-fee ruse. After pouring \$5 million down the drain of his club's poorly attended games in the past two years, Cassano has made no secret of his intention to sell. An Atlanta Rose Our Flames committee met with a cooler welcome than warm beer, but Cassano's meeting with the Seaman brothers this March in a Calgary hotel—introductions arranged by Richardson Olney owner Peter Richardson—was coming to a successful \$24-million head when Nelson Skalbania entered the picture.

Skalbania, an original owner of the Flyers and fresh from his acquisition of a major junior franchise in the Western Hockey League, has reportedly bid \$16 million for the Flames. And, according to a recent *Hockey Night* in Canada telecast, he has already instructed Malrose's Brewery in the television rights for \$5 million. From Atlanta's Cassano, however, and from the Seaman brothers, come a flurry of denials, the race is still on. "I don't know when these guys get their information," complains Byron Seaman. "Why can't they leave business to businessmen? Tell it's

done?" The latest word from Skalbania is that he is merely "close" to completing the deal.

Meanwhile, the Flames themselves, already hunkie enough, are contemplating their move to an even-bigger new home, the 36-year-old, \$360-million Rupperts Creek arena depends on the provincial government's confirmation, expected May 28, that it will pick up the new arena's \$25- to 40-million capital cost. The city of Calgary has agreed to provide land and infrastructure. Its eyes are on its offer to host the 1988 Winter Olympics. Perhaps, by then, the almost paisible Flames will have matured into a robust, vintage team. ☐

side's future energy supplies would be more remote." To date, the government has invested almost \$1 billion in the company which, by Senior Vice-President Joe Bell's calculation, is currently worth \$5 to \$6 billion, not even counting what Siberia might blow in with. For their money, taxpayers get what Harper calls "a two-horse philosophy"—further exploration and, just in case the frontier doesn't come in, research and development of tar sands and heavy-oil technology. "We've taken the only prudent policy a country could take."

By the end of 1979, Petrocan had spent 60 per cent of an exploration budget—more than \$200 million—on frontier exploration, a far greater risk than any company with private shareholders could afford to take. The company participated in 80 of the 134 frontier wells drilled in three years. With working interests in 390 million acres through various joint ventures of which Petrocan's share outright amounts to 35 million acres, the company has become a major frontier landholder in the Arctic Shelf, East Coast, Labrador and High Arctic, and has found enough East Coast gas that Harper credits Petrocan with the fact that Canada is as close as



Calgary's "Red Square" office and lounge

it is "to having an economic source of natural gas to supply the critically energy-short area."

But exploration is not enough, as Harper points out. Thus Petrocan has become a participant in the Alameda project, which will build a third plant in

Alberta's oil sands and is a partner in a \$400-million venture to increase the feasibility of a heavy-oil recovery process. Petrocan is also a leader of the Aurora Pilot Project, a \$175-million proposal to liquify natural gas in the High Arctic and transport it by tanker to the East Coast. "To aid in the immensely expensive undertaking of energy, research and development, Petrocan also plans to open a \$10-million research centre west, south in Calgary."

Canada, in short, as Petrocan sees it, is at last starting to pick its way down the rocky road to energy self-sufficiency. Whether Canadians will get there, whether Petrocan can take them in another direction, Vice-President Bell points out that the Canadian Petroleum Association (CPA) estimates Canada will need one million barrels a day from the frontiers by 1990 if the country is to be self-sufficient. But while Petrocan is spending \$150 million, the CPA reckons it would take \$200 billion to bring in that much of "There's not a snowball's chance," says Bell. But there remain the expendables—from a gigantic strike to decreased energy consumption. As Harper points out, Vice President Bob Menzies says it. "We just have to go flat out and hope we get lucky." ☐

The crawl of the wild

People used to leave a hand at the East Coast and say they drilled the Grand Banks and there was nothing out there, says Robert Menzies. Well it takes a lot more work than that, a lot more work than the Canadian eye is willing to admit.

Menzies' group vice-president, exploration for Petro-Canada, disagrees in the co-

lumnial idea. "If you could go into the frontiers and very closely find multibillion barrels of oil... Today, in retrospect, it's probably a good thing almost but that any even as recently as a few years ago. If the industry had realized how much money and time it would take, they never would have started." Since the late 1970s, predicts Menzies by Petrocan, the industry has revised East Coast exploration and found significant gas and unknown quantities of oil in Alberta. This year there may be 11 rigs at work drilling off the East Coast and Petrocan may be involved in 19 of them.



Menzies could offer another three rigs to work this summer if anyone could get hands on the equipment which is scarce worldwide. In fact the shortage has grown so serious that Petrocan is looking at building one of its own open-sea submersibles—pilot machines capable of drilling in several thousand feet of water.

It is when Menzies compares this small herd of Canadian efforts to the lion in Europe's much smaller North Sea. He'd it becomes easy to see the need in the haystack quality about looking at Canada's 11 existing rigs work in the area from Beaufort Sea to the Scotia Shelf. An offshore rig that drills more than 3,000 miles today in the North Sea, five years after drilled, hit pay dirt. 250 wells have been drilled and about 30 rigs are now at work.

It precisely sometimes look back for Canada's frontier exploration, Menzies—true to his company's name—seems optimistic. By 1990 he predicts the Alberta area will actually be producing oil for Canadian markets. More major oil and gas discoveries will have been made on the Labrador offshore, that Arctic sands located natural gas production will be moving, that oil and gas will be flowing from the Mackenzie Delta to market. But while pipeline will be sending gas by pipeline to Nova Scotia and that a significant oil discovery will have been made in Beaufort Sea. And by the way, when 1990 comes, Menzies says, he'll be glad to drop by the capital in Canada—Ottawa—and correct any errors in his forecast.

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The hostile halls of learning

By Toba Karonik

In many ways school is society's leading glass house: this generation's a litigant, more often than not, revealed polished apples, polished shoes and polished haircuts. Honor thy father, mother, teacher and the holy deities, read the classroom catechism. Today, Canadian schools mirror the frustration of their charges. In a struggled economy, education is no longer the ticket to success—the golden rule has lost its savor. And one result is that vandalism and violence have turned the phrase "school of hard knocks" into a literal reality. Now, as the school year draws to a close, a debate that seemed to get lost in polemics over whom to blame—the rebellious adolescent, an unresponsive school system, the decaying family unit, a violent society—is beginning to focus on a question much closer to the point, what is to be done about it?

Canadian high schools have come a long way from the red-brick, one-room schoolhouse—a long way that mounting vandalism costs close to \$100 million a year. For the most part affluent, expensive, resource institutions, schools are vulnerable targets, full of expensive, easily damaged equipment. The destruction can be on a major scale, like this year's more than \$5-million fire set by student anarchists at North Bay, Ontario's Chippewa Secondary School, or the \$140-per-pupil cost for glass breakage at schools in Pin Point, Manitoba. And although more cases of physical assault on staff are increasing. A 17-year-old Brampton, Ont., student who got into a classroom scuffle with geography instructor George Tanner and broke his arm is now serving a nine-month jail term, upheld in March by the Ontario Court of Appeal. Several last year by teachers' federations in New Brunswick and North York, Ont., report a disturbing increase of verbal abuse and threats, with assaults on just over one per cent of sampled staff. In one episode in New Brunswick during the 1977-78 school season, a student retaliated against discipline from a principal by attacking his child with a knife, in another, the RCMP were called after a teacher and child both assaulted a principal who had earlier disciplined the student.

So far, responses to vandalism and violence have ranged from the symptomatic to the diagnostic; from those who



Chippewa: \$2 million worth of destruction



Tanner: 'We have basic human rights too'

seek to mediate a festering wound quickly with a strong authoritative to ease to examine and treat the root causes of the conflict. Many schools, resigning themselves to the belief that vandalism is an undesirable part of life, are retreating, and some schools are beginning to resemble de-

struction centres: costly glass panes in many urban classrooms have been replaced with bricks or enameled steel sheeting, like those favored by several Hamilton schools. Security guards patrol schools throughout the country, including facilities in Prince Edward Island and the Yukon. School boards in cities like New York, Calgary and Burnaby, B.C., have hired full-time security directors. Scott Be Marie, Ont., residents cooperate with the police department in operating a neighborhood watch program called Operation Vigilance, while Vancouver police have put placarded officers right in Oak Ridge arm schools to act as community liaisons. And, increasingly, authorities are buying protection in the form of sophisticated surveillance hardware, like the electronic detection system installed by the Edmonton public school board.

Meanwhile, some teachers are flexing their muscles in what they view as a battle to protect their authority against

unruly pupils. On this turf, disciplinary clash with liberalism: "I don't think there's enough discipline in society, or our schools," says Brampton assistant warden Tanner, who is not leave with his broken nose and an shaken by the experience that he may not return to teaching. "People aren't willing to stand up for principles the way they used to. Today, it's do as you please. If a kid swears at a teacher he's not supposed to get rid of. Well I don't see why we should have to put up with that. We have basic human rights too." Lag changes, urges the former policeman. Respond unruly students, and offenders and crack down on the laissez-faire



atmosphere in the schools

That philosophy is being echoed by many teachers who bemoan the loss of traditional Judeo-Christian values: respect for authority, property and hard work. Their concern is reflected in the large number of reports communicated by school boards, education ministries and teachers' associations in recent years to examine vandalism, violence and discipline. The Montreal Catholic School Commission, in comparison with an English-speaking teachers, drafted a tough disciplinary code last fall which advocates, among other things, in-school suspension—a form of exclusion for misbehaving students who work on lessons in isolated classrooms. High-school teachers in North York, in their 1979 survey, call for separate schools for misbehaving pupils and voluntary transfers, or suspended "recovery" leave, for victims of "battered-teacher syndrome"—a severe psychological problem reported with regularity by teachers in tough U.S. schools and just beginning to surface in Canada.

With this aimless war footing, the situation of 1986 educators seems to be daunting. Along with the "lockdown" to the basics, there appears to be a pal-

laid swing away from the pervasiveness of the 80s and the apathy of the '70s to the Spartanism of the '60s. Rob Dean, the new no-nonsense principal of Edmonton's inner-city Victoria Composite High School, is a self-confessed hard-liner who credits his "severe policy of restrictions and sanctions" for curbing vandalism and violence. This school year, a 16-year-old teenager swiped down a teacher and punctured his knee with a knife. In another incident, three male students have been charged with taking their girls to an apartment at lunch hour and raping them. "I want to get these kids' respect rather than their admiration and love," says Dean. "Kids

even violence, in view their as manifestations of an adolescent phase, judicial retribution serves little purpose. Anthony Doh, director of the University of Toronto's Centre of Criminology, is one of a minority that sees this justification in labelling most forms of vandalism as deviant. "Kids do things as a way of learning about their environment, or testing limits," he explains, "and it probably won't do any good to get tough at the court disposition end." That viewpoint will likely influence his recommendations as research director of the Ontario Task Force on Vandalism, which is due to report in December.



Vandalized Ontario school, 'no conscience' Dean: 'I want to get these kids' respect'

like you to be honest with them. If I set a rule, damn it, that's the way I want it done."

Dalhousie University education Professor Edgar Friedberg is frankly appalled by any measure of classroom control. Like many a school reformer and activist of the 60s, he blames a repressive education system which is indifferent to the emotional development of its students. "It's gross catchup to talk about violence as if the children were the perpetrators rather than the victims," says the author of the new book, *Defiance to Authority: Students are justifiably railing against a system that renders them politically powerless*. He says in that case, to be self-assertive, or even violent, may be less of a social evil than the passivity Canadian schools foster. "I'm not that concerned about the safety of people in the corridor business. You take your chances," he says. "And, I don't feel sorry for the victim bites back occasionally."

For those like Friedberg who prefer to "deprogram" vandalism and

Still, for many educators and administrators—even those who win at the student's alternative resolutions to the situation—some form of legislation reassertion of their authority is essential. The Canadian Teachers' Federation, although not lobbying for corporal punishment, is concerned about a current private member's bill to repeal Section 83 of the Criminal Code, which sanctions teachers and parents "using force by way of correction" if "the force used does not exceed what is reasonable under the circumstances." While the incidence of civil suits against teachers in Canada is rare compared to the United States, a teacher in St. George, New Brunswick, who was found guilty of striking a student, failed to win an appeal this March. In British Columbia, the sole province where corporal punishment has been specifically forbidden, the teachers' federation has reported that whether the legislative protection there has been an increase in the number of charges and complaints against staff for alleged assault of pupils.

In an effort to control a major source of vandalism and violence—unruly young litterers—Ontario

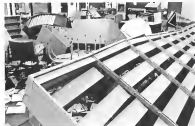
take fire on intruders in schools last year recommended arrest and a \$2,000 fine for trespassers. That kind of legislative action is welcomed by administrators like Al Rogers, vice-principal of Marling Star Secondary School in Mississauga. A 16-year-old teacher attacked him with a screwdriver in a school corridor in 1978, and to Rogers' dismay security changes were dropped and a "minimal" fine of \$200 imposed in cases of vandalism, since the Alberta Education Act provides that schools take students to small claims or criminal court to recover damages.

Life-style chaos and values education. The board of education in Lakeshore, Ont., adopted a program this year called *Parents Responsible in Demonstrating Their Own Environment!* Students are financially rewarded if their schools reduce vandalism costs. The board also runs a program called *Operation Aware*, for Grades 5 and 6 pupils, which covers topics such as peer pressure and vandalism. It has been demonstrated many times that fostering student initiative and responsibility can lead to frustration and, consequently, rebellion. A 1976 Alberta department

school milieu and staff-student rapport. Kids these days are less likely to turn their teachers on. In fact, instead, they consider them rivals or authoritarians (spareheads while teachers, standing under large class loads, are often lucky if they can learn their pupils' names by midday). "The atmosphere in the high schools, with all the good intentions in the world, is very cold and impersonal," says Joana Pavlica, president of the Federation of English-speaking Catholic Teachers of Montreal. "As long as you're dealing with 2,000 students in large, monstrous buildings, it's going to be that way. There's a feeling of hopelessness, of isolation, a feeling that we'll never arrive at a real answer and the best we can do is Band-Aid solutions like preventing or punishing the obvious cases." Peter McLaren, author of *Crises From the Corridor*—a recently released book chronicling his frustrations as a teacher in North York's Jane-Finch zone—looks beyond the school walls to describe the rage, racism and angst experienced by "suburban ghetto" pupils. "Vandalism reflects the diseases of our society," he says, "a society that doesn't have much to offer kids to express their dignity and self-worth."

Pavlica Szyperewicz, student council president at Toronto's inner-city Jarvis Collegiate Institute, believes that the solution depends heavily on improved teacher morale. "Right now it's so low. The attitude seems to be, 'I don't owe these students anything.' I get the feeling that some of them don't even like the children. The result is that the student is frustrated and even unmanageable. I've never seen much rivalry and hostility, particularly in the lower grades." Vancouver community health nurse Grace Doberty suggests that staff training should be strengthened to encourage child development studies. "The teacher has to understand the amount of struggle these kids are going through as adolescents. It's a volatile stage. Just look at the violence directed toward the self, in the form of suicide, or a more subdued violence like drugs."

While she would retain a return to the days of the bickery stick, there is a nostalgia for the type of school that reflects a sense of kinship, a pride of membership. The challenge today is to kindle a feeling of self-worth and citizenship in modern institutions which have operated on the premise that it is enough to feed the mind without the spirit. "We've lost our sense of community," says principal Kenneth Hays, chairman of Ontario's committee on school trespassers. "Schools don't belong to anybody any more. So you can lock them, rent on them, and write anything you want on them. Maybe we're just forgetting about human rights. We have to find the courage to examine these values." □



At the heart of the vandalism-violence controversy is a long-standing pedagogical debate: should schools be expected to cope with the emotional well-being of their students as well as the intellectual? Many educators just throw up their hands in the face of social and economic conditions—family breakdown, drugs, child abuse, declining school enrollment, cutbacks and youth unemployment. "We shouldn't have to run a social agency on top of an educational system," says no-nonsense principal Deas.

Counters Norman Gehle, a former Ontario high school teacher, now secretary-general of the Canadian Teachers' Federation: "You can't just shut your doors on these kids and say, 'Look we're just here to teach reading, writing and arithmetic.' That's too much of a cop-out. The school has a role to play in making people competent to lead a responsible adult life."

While some school boards see content to solve the problem of vandalism with cosmetic solutions such as graffiti-resistant vinyl wall coverings and plasticized windows, and still others turn to harsh disciplinary rules and punitive retributions, a few schools are starting to be more positively creative—introducing anti-vandalism incentive programs,



Ontario school library (top), Synovision. We never seen such rivalry and hostility!

of education report, for example, found that schools reporting low vandalism rates also reported strong student councils, an emphasis on shared responsibility, parental involvement and personal rules and regulations.

Ultimately, long-range solutions may force a more thorough examination of

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An eye-care crisis with no end in sight

In Manitoba, where 40 per cent of the province's 60 optometrists plan to retire within the next decade, Keith Letts, president of the Manitoba Optometric Society, is warning consumers seeking eye care of "a catastrophe with no solution in sight." In Calgary, Alberta Optometric Association President Grant Campbell is making the same prediction: 40 per cent of associative members are over age 55. Indeed, except in Ontario and Quebec, Canadians across the country will soon be facing a famine of eye-care specialists. For despite excellent incomes and growing waiting lists—most optometrists have more business than they can handle—far too few people are entering the profession. And it's not because they aren't ready and willing.

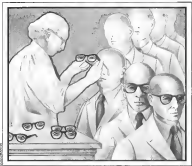
The cause of the problem is simple enough. English Canada has only one school of optometry, at Ontario's University of Waterloo. While it averages 600 applications a year, it can accept only 90 students annually and 40 of those must come from Ontario. The school provides only two places for B.C. students, three each for Manitoba and Saskatchewan, seven for Alberta and five for the East Coast. When the school was established in 1967 with federal aid, it was designed to cater strictly to the needs of Ontario. But to give the other provinces time to estimate their own graduate needs and fund another school, Waterloo agreed to provide interim places on a contract basis. However, the other provinces never did go together, no other school was founded and the situation has been steadily deteriorating. Says Kenneth Woodruff, director of the Waterloo school: "The minimal ratio for optometrists to population is 1:15,000 people Quebec, which has a French school at the University of Montreal, is the only province approaching that. In Ontario the ratio is 1:15,000, in Nova Scotia it's 1:30,000 and in Newfoundland it's 1:35,000."

Woodruff and his colleagues are becoming alarmed. A 1977 proposal presented to the University of Victoria for the founding of a western optometry school was approved right up to the university senate but was stopped in its tracks by the B.C. government. "The government's lack of support may have had something to do with the fact that the B.C. education minister [Patrick

McGeer] was a medical doctor," says Woodruff with some annoyance. Medical opposition to optometrists founding a second school or in any way broadening their influence is widespread, he says. The basic problem is that optometrists take a six-year course to qualify as eye testers and prescribers of glasses and contact lenses. They are not M.D.s, though they use the title "doctor," a fact that irritates ophthalmologists. The latter usually have 20 years' training, are full M.D.s and, besides doing all the

eye problems on the increase. "Frankly, I think the ophthalmologists are worse off than we are," says Woodruff of Waterloo. "It'd like to see senior optometrist students train in hospitals alongside medical students and try to improve communication between the two groups. A similar program in Britain seems to have helped break down suspicion. It's surprising how little doctors know about our work," complains Woodruff. "This crisis was predicted by the 114th Commission in 1964 but nothing has been done to prevent it."

In Manitoba, which has 28 ophthalmologists instead of the recommended 40, Dr. Adrian Long, who heads the ophthalmological section of the Manitoba Medical Association, agrees the crisis is already at hand and things will get worse. Despite that, he strongly opposes a second school for optometrists and cautions why course needs to be six years long in the first place. He was



things optometrists do, diagnose and treat eye diseases and perform surgery. Professionally the two groups are in competition, politically they loathe each other. Admits Robert Goka, president of the Saskatchewan Optometric Association: "On a personal, one-to-one basis relations are fine, but at the political level, higher up, they're terrible. We've tried to communicate but to no avail."

The irony of this professional stand-off is that in most provinces both optometrists and ophthalmologists are rapidly approaching the endangered species list—but at a time when Canada is becoming increasingly geriatric, with

people they would like to expand their professional horizons, getting into the treatment of glaucoma and maybe even trying nerve surgery. "That's his if they're willing to take full medical training and become ophthalmologists," he says.

In the meantime, no optometrists and ophthalmologists continue to fail to see eye to eye, the causes of consumers will laughter. Says Woodruff: "If something isn't done soon the only way to cope with increasing demand will be by lowering standards and using people with fewer qualifications than either optometrists or ophthalmologists."

Peter Carlyle-Gordon

The cultural side of the plundered coin

For 806 years, fast, elegant Viking ships held Europe in terror, they raided Byzantium, North Africa and Italy, and their harpoon of the great cathedral (fleece of York) made among the worst losses in cultural history. But, as a major exhibition at the British Museum in London now indicates, the Vikings were not merely pirates and plunderers, they had a highly developed culture at home. Some of these achievements in jewelry and metalworking have, for strength and stress, been largely forgotten. The Vikings kept few records and our images of

London till July 30, then from September to January it will be housed at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Most of the artifacts on show are small—brooches, pendants, simple burial gear. But the Vikings depended on their ships, and on the loots outside the museum stands Odin's Raven, a 20-foot wooden replica of a longship. Built in Norway in 1978, it was sailed to the Isle of Man last year to commemorate the 1,000th birthday of the island's parliament.

From left: Viking brooch, silver pendant and other artifacts from Norse soldiers' graves



them have usually been drawn from the brittle chronicles of nations. The 150 items currently in London mostly show things as they were.

More than 300,000 visitors have crammed into the exhibition during its first six weeks—one of the British Museum's largest attendances since King Tut. The Vikings remain on display in

Powerful and sleek, Odin's Raven rises a Norse poet's description of Viking ships as "poised majestic splendid boats of the mist." Despite what Kenneth Whitehouse, a senior lecturer at the museum, calls "a dreadful Walt Disney figurehead" which as self-respecting Vikings would recognize, the boat is a natural symbol for the show. Yet,

beached in the merciless traffic of central London, it looks as incongruous as a dolphin on the Praetian.

The Vikings were fearless explorers. Their settlements ranged from Newfoundland in the Ukraine, and their traders played a great part in reopening lost commercial routes from Europe to the East. Much of the treasure they carried home was melted down and re-fabricated, but the exhibition includes such items as a brooch in the shape of a mouse, made about the year 800 in England and deposited in a Swedish tomb. The Norwegians buried their dead with lavish ease, a warrior would be accompanied by his most precious weapons, ready for battle in the life to come. Not all discoveries of their handiwork, however, are made in treasure troves and burial mounds. On an English beach last summer, a man washed by ice on a Viking bracelet made of solid gold.

The exhibition demonstrates some close connections between the Norse civilization and the Middle East of J.R.R. Tolkien, author of *The Lord of the Rings*. The traditional reward for a warrior was a gift of rings, and the display cases are full of metal rings which once adorned Viking arms and armor. One golden ring-earrings weighs more than four pounds and has a diameter of 14 inches. The Norsemen were especially fond of decorating their possessions with animal motifs, especially dragons. Says Kenneth Whitehouse: "Some of the most splendid treasures in European



art are to be found in Viking jewelry and metalwork. Jewelry was so obvious status symbol for the warrior. After all, everyone had to freeze their cloaks." Their craftsmen were expert with soapstone, walrusbone and antler. But for all the articles of peace, there is no denying the brutality. Among these medallions, gaming pieces and bronze toothpicks for the skull of a young woman, unearthed in the tomb of a heavily armed

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mos. Part of the skull had been destroyed by a great blow to the back of her head—clear evidence of human sacrifice.

The first raids on England occurred in 793, at which time the Vikings were—as an Irish saga put it—“sailing, warlike, ferocious, ready-punished people.” As the centuries passed, Christian missions had more and more success, although the urge for war continued. (The Norwegian king who tried to recapture England in late as 1066 was called Rast the 31st.) The gradual changeover to Christianity left some remarkable artifacts, among them a stone cross-slab discovered on the Isle of Man. On one side, Jesus stands in triumph above a kneeling devil. On the other, the Name god Odin, his all-seeing raven perched on his shoulder, is devoured by a wolf. For the Vikings, the world was doomed to end with the death of the gods.

After three fierce centuries of iron and fire, the Viking age passed out.



Memorial stone: buried with lavish care

Some of their expeditions had left permanent results: the foundations of the world's earliest parliament in Iceland in 980; the establishment of the city of Dublin. But the settlements in North America and Greenland came to nothing, and most of the Norsemen retreated to Scandinavia, sailing through forgotten centuries of peace in an outpost of Europe in the Middle Ages. The Vikings recreated two rooms of a typical house, dark, cramped and smoky, an almost shocking contrast to their rich, intricate art. They cared little for domestic comfort, and their societies would probably be delighted that we remember the Vikings for bloodshed. We can remember them now for other things as well: glittering rings and brooches, elaborate tales and sagas, and their “legendary” warriors of the north. Mark Abley

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Books

Waiting for the biggest prize

**Graham
Greene
The Quiet
American**



By Mark Abley

Graham Greene's life has been a constant night from boredom and despair. It has taken him to 15 countries (the most people could name), he has produced more than 40 books, it has seen him adopt the rules of five religions and, say, film producer and war correspondent. His career has been as restless as his figure of speech: his earliest work of fiction, as a back story of *High Noon*, "was like the first night of a beautiful woman with whom one realizes that a relationship is possible. Somebody whose memory will not be dissolved by a night's sleep." Yet Greene has spent most of the past 14 years in Antigua, a resort on the south coast of France. Anything less interesting than this light, dry apartment, open to the Mediterranean, would be difficult to imagine. But the balcony overlooks a farm where Napoleon was once held captive and underneath the windows the traffic hardly stops.

At 73, Greene has just published his third novel, *Doctor Fischer of Geneva*, and a second volume of memoirs, *Ways of Escape*. The Toronto firm of Lantz and Grey Denys (the Denys is Greene's wife) Lantz has obtained the world rights to *Ways of Escape*, which is available in Canada now, three weeks before the French or American publication. "It's called *Ways of Escape* because I find it difficult to see how people who don't write, paint or compose manage to get through life." He pauses for a moment. "One thinks one has given up writing. But one hasn't." Greene's voice, dry yet melodic, suggests



Greene at 73 and (below) at the siege of Phat Dien, Vietnam: earliest shift of optics



an economic about the Rs are liable to emerge as the 10 is staying cross-legged in a deep armchair as the sun shifts over a crowded harbor and the living room fills with a clean white light. It underscores the shuddering clarity of his blue eyes.

The new novel is written with the spare grace of an old man who has no time for unnecessary convention. Its narrator knows Dr. Fischer and heard him like a trapped man through

**Graham
Greene
The Human
Factor**



Greene's work. Wealth and fame have not brought an easy peace of mind, at best, they have made it easier for him to continue an escape that may last as long as life itself. Greene has not lived with his wife for many years. "Strange," he has written, "the circumstances one finds in solitude. I can remember standing for half an hour on the staircase looking

downward watching two flies make love." He has always been restless, restless travel providing inspiration as well as relief from monotony—though not necessarily pleasure. In Haiti, the setting of *The Comedians*, Greene experienced the frightening tyranny of Papa Doc Duvalier, who became the only leader of state to remove one of his novels. "Le diable s'est pas des fiers," *Greene* speaks more charitably about Proust, a notion he has grown to lose. At the invitation of its leader, Guy Ousman Tarrag, he joined the great Colombian novelist Gabriel Garcia Marquez as a Panamanian delegate equipped with diplomatic passport at the novel treaty signing in Washington in 1977. He has also paid visits to Canada. "My daughter had a small ranch on Cochrane, west of Calgary. She was married to a French Canadian. I used to take the train west from Montreal—three nights and two days, in that night!" He has also set a short story in Alberta, *Four De Fushesheim*, whose narrator lives in Rocky Mount, a landscape on the edge of Calgary, and watches the blades of a helicopter disappear into the clouds.

It's 11 o'clock in the morning, a good hour for gin and tonic, and he takes off to prepare it. A tall man, usually



Greene in 1952 accepting Catholic literary award, (below) immortalized by Kurosawa in *The Hidden Fortress*, 1951. Age: 42

dressed in a slip-up brown sweater, cordary trousers and large brown aviator goggles, he looks at least 10 years younger than his age. A coffee table has hidden under an eclectic assortment of new books, new magazines and a well-worn paperback of Don Quixote. Greene's tastes are varied and unpredictable. The drink arrives with a slice of lemon from the waiter-busket ("Don't worry, it's quite clean") and he settles again in his chair, facing the turbulent sea.

In order to imagine life, a novelist must know it to the bone. In hospital as a young man, Greene contemplated the death of a boy and his mother's terrible grief. "There is a splinter of me in the heart of a writer," I watched and I found. This was something which one day I might need." He wrote his first novel while still a student at Oxford in the early 1930s. Even looser in adolescence than most writers, he had been psychosurgery at 16—a pleasant escape from school, but no cure for the boredom that would soon drive him to Russian roulette. His brother's revolver was six-shambered but played six times. Luck was with him again in 1938, when he decided that salons his third novel, *The Man Within*, was accepted by a publisher, he would give up forever the wild ambition to write. It was accepted quickly, and it sold well. Yet after early books did not succeed and his fiery biography of a much misunderstood poet and rake, the Earl of Rochester, remained in manuscript for more than 40 years after Greene's publisher rejected it.

In the '30s, unable to support his wife and two young children by novels alone, he turned to film criticism, writing for the *Spectator* and for a short-lived publication called *Night and Day*. His *Night and Day* review of the *Shirley Temple* film *How Little We Know* provided an unflattering insight from 1935 Century-



Fox, and was partly responsible for the magazine's early death. The presiding attorney called his article "bestial," and the local chief justice agreed it was "simply a gross outrage." What had Greene done to cause such an uproar? "You'd better not print it ever now. I merely said that she wiggled her bottom, and appeared naive in the middle-aged and dingy state she did to other children."

Greene has a long association with the cinema, although film, the journalism and theatre, have been principally a diversion from his real business of fiction. Most of his novels have been filmed, sometimes from his own screenplays. The last, masterful plot and his mastery of suspense are well suited to the cinema. But the all-important tone is difficult to convey visually: the dingy streets and back rooms of his tales are lit up by compassion, sadness and a sur-

prise which which are all but foreign to the screen. Moreover, Greene explains, "A novel always has to be told to become a film, and the antagonist seems in terms of this narrative are often very important in terms of character." His best film, *The Third Man*, was conceived as a screenplay, not a book. In the '50s he suggested two films: there are few things Greene has not been willing to try. Alan, he declared an invitation from the film producer Sam Zimbalist to rewrite the last part of the script for a remake of *Sam Har* "You see," Zimbalist announced, "we find a kind of usefulness after the *Cosmopolitan*."

After more than half a century of writing novels, Greene claims virtual immunity to the praise or anger of his readers. He professes surprise at the huge success of his previous novel, *The Man Within*. "I wasn't very happy about that book," Perhaps his acute consciousness of failure spurs him to write well, just as some of his most



memorable characters think themselves damned and do good. Writers, like the gods, see by their own hand. Adverse criticism harks "back of it from someone I respect, then there's a momentary distress. This applies to prose, too. It's only a momentary satisfaction." When a Swedish journalist asked Greene whether he longed for the Nobel prize, he cheerfully replied that he was looking forward to a bigger prize than that.

In religion and in politics he has been drawn to the faith of despairation. Father Trollope, a priest and former actor under whose instruction the young Greene became a Catholic, confronted him with "the challenges of an inexpressible goodness"—but Trollope was a drab man, "deeply disinterested in any future which could be represented as success." His influence has lasted

Catholicism in England has never been the religion of a blind establishment; it has, however, offered an occasional refuge for underdogs, victims, men and women out of step with society. For such people Greene reserves a heartfelt compassion. He knows them well.

But with the approach of death he believes less and less about religious truth, and he presents the label "Catholic writer." "As I always say, I see a writer who happened to be a Catholic," he *The Hermitary General*, the story of a political espionage in South America, published in 1972. His favorite among his own books, Greene achieved a tentative reconciliation between Catholicism and the Marxist dogma that, 38 years ago, he had felt to be in worldwide competition. Since then he has met Fidel Castro and Ho Chi Minh and visited the Club of Madrid. Alarmed, a man he once admired, Greene's own intelligence is too skeptical, too impatient to allow him unwavering allegiance to any political master: he detests oppression of all sorts. In *The Hermitary General* a priest, disillusioned with the church's serene indifference to poverty and tyranny, turns to violence. Father Ryan is a sympathetic character, but his rebellion brings needless death. Greene does not let the only answer.

His thirst for adventure has affected the course of his life no less than his fustian Catholicism. It led him to serve as a fire warden during the London blitz, exhilarated by the risk of death, and it took him as a reporter to bitter colonial wars. As a teen-ager he had volunteered unsuccessfully to be a German spy in the Rhineland, then under French occupation, after two years of the Second World War he joined the British Secret Service, becoming Agent 3020 in Pretoria, Sierra Leone. Unknown to him then, he was following the path of an uncle, another Graham Greene, who had helped to found British Naval Intelligence. When he returned to London from Sierra Leone, Greene served as assistant to Kim Philby, eventually to become a notorious KGB spy agent. He has never an affection for Philby ("I think most people who were in the service do") and keeps up an occasional correspondence with his former boss. "I had a picture postcard from Huxford last year. I imagine he's active and fairly content." Greene's loyalty is not always conventional.

Suddenly he stands up. "Did you happen to see the sky at about 7 o'clock this morning?" Most extraordinary sky I've ever seen." He gestures across the balcony toward the sea. "Glorious pink V in the sky. I think two argus trucks must have crashed, just in the direction of the rising sun." The sky is spectacular now, the mountains across the bay available in the corner of the apart-

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most stands the table where, morning and evening, he writes. It walks not just draped by books are a convey of modern paintings and a whimsical picture of an 18th-century Italian diabolist rising over England in a balloon. Spectacles on the ground are waving what might be their last farewell.

The surrealistic image remains in his head. Starting a new book, he recalls, "is rather like a plane on the tarmac. One doesn't feel one's going anywhere till the wheels get off the ground. I am very nervous when I'm not writing. There's only a few days of happiness in writing—but one's not unhappy." Okay, money, a robust sense of humor, the love and loyalty of his many friends. Greene has much to enjoy. But later, Fisher, through his work failure and betrayal. They have left scars in his life too, but Greene is a private man, not given to lavish disclosures. His little, attentive manner conceals a profound reticence. In London a niece of his had suggested that he was "a rather jolly man." He smiles at the idea. "The word is one that would never cross my mind." Yet his hands are full of tenderness and humor, and those who love his work wait to be grateful for his private life. They could forgive Graham Greene if he became a grand old man, basking at his ease, secure in the world's approval. He would not forgive himself.

The man you love to hate

DOCTOR FISHER OF GENEVA
ON THE DOOM PARTY
by Graham Greene
(Penguin Inc., \$11.95)

A shining saint in Switzerland, aware on the immediate ethics and the Alps. An Englishman on the wrong side of 50, a translator in a chaotic factory who lost a head in the London Babel, falls in love with a Swiss girl more than 30 years his junior. They marry, they are blissfully happy. They do not worry about God or politics (as the Dr. by Graham Greene).

"Chances is stopped by day-to-day mind-dulling routine, and despite depression so much every day one lives, that death seems in the end to lose its point." The joyous relationship is a kind of signpost, and Doctor Fisher of Geneva among Greene's darkest books. When love is extraneous, hatred and loneliness are left to flourish. The narrator falls at night; the novel reaches its climax with a murder that transcends. Graham Greene has seen hope, and seen through hope.

The Englishman, Alfred Jones, is a

man of middle age, low expectations and moderate means, yet he was the heart of a younger, passionate woman. In books as different as *The Heart of the Matter*, *The Honorary Consul*, and *The Moon and Sixpence*, Greene has made us familiar with the outlines of such a story. But Doctor Fisher of Geneva offers something new—a man who despises the world and everything in it, most of all himself. Further, the hideously rich Fisher of Geneva's young wife gives parties in which he humiliates his guests, then gives them extravagant presents.

"For several years now I have been studying the greatness of the risk 'To him that hath shall be given—these special words of Christ they take very literally.' And for the sake of further profits, his guests abuse themselves with vice."

At Dr. Fisher's final party, the guests enjoy a buffet feast by the shore of Lake Geneva. After the meal they must risk death—or go home without a gift. One of the Christmas crackers, Fisher tells them, contains a lethal bomb which will explode should the cracker be pulled. The others retreat in chaos. There is no time to the lottery for wealth? Fisher compares himself with God, eager for the humiliations of mankind, and the comparison is accepted by one of his victims. "I want to get near enough to him to spit in God Almighty's face." Haggardly, Greene suggests, fades into oblivion. *Pass* arrives in.

He has compressed a glacial fall into a very small space. Not a word is wasted. "Now when I write," he says in his autobiographical introduction, "I put down as many variations of a novel—and all my revisions are in the nature of additions, of second thoughts to make the bare bones live." In Doctor Fisher of Geneva, his books are covered by very little rain. An average and simple as a parable, this is a book to suffer and admire. Not a book to love.

That splinter of ice never melts

WINGS OF ESCAPE
by Graham Greene
(Joker & Orion Books, \$14.95)

Like the minutes of a federal-provincial conference or a checklist of Stokachstan birds, Graham Greene's second volume of numerous "For additional only." Devoted to Greene's delight in language of "some private jokes which no reader would understand" in *Twelve With My Aunt*, they will rejoice to find that he was once deported from Puerto Rico by American customs. But *Wings of Escape* might dis-

appoint even the devotees. Greene is too self-protective for the book to take wing.

The policy is deliberate: "These parts of a life most interested of colonists remain outside the scope of this book. The 'vagaries' of others' lives I have continued to observe." This doesn't, honorable decision deprives *Wings of Escape* of vitality, yet just gossip, apart from some generous tributes to long-dead friends. Greene tells us little about other people and seems to nothing about those who have meant most to him: wife, children, mistress, friends. Nor, despite some good anecdotes, does he betray much of the inner self from which his work springs. It's a disappointment of the seven vols in which every will stand up.

Moreover, *Wings of Escape* is an angry socialization, commenting mostly of old journalism and of its introduction to the collected Greene. The most interesting moments come when he opens the journals he kept in Vietnam and the London Blitz, letting us glimpse a younger self, a vanished world. "All down Green Street they came out in their downy, weary uniform, but so many bleeding in a superficial way in muddy pyjamas grey with debris dust. These were the casualties of Japan. A born, unadmissionable perception. Yet because Greene tries to tell stories only of their own life, his deepest emotions and his kind ones. *Wings of Escape* is a missing volume. What does he expect?"

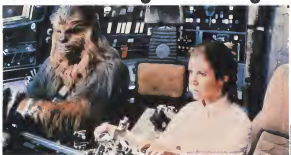
MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICION**
- 1 *The Boy Who Swam*, Graham (1)
 - 2 *Princess Bessie*, Graham (2)
 - 3 *Seven Years in Tibet*, Graham (3)
 - 4 *The Boy Who Swam*, Graham (4)
 - 5 *The Boy Who Swam*, Graham (5)
 - 6 *The Boy Who Swam*, Graham (6)
 - 7 *The Boy Who Swam*, Graham (7)
 - 8 *The Boy Who Swam*, Graham (8)
 - 9 *The Boy Who Swam*, Graham (9)
 - 10 *The Boy Who Swam*, Graham (10)

- NON-FICION**
- 1 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (1)
 - 2 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (2)
 - 3 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (3)
 - 4 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (4)
 - 5 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (5)
 - 6 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (6)
 - 7 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (7)
 - 8 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (8)
 - 9 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (9)
 - 10 *The Thin Wire*, Toller (10)

Films

Garden of intergalactic delights



The Empire Strikes Back
Directed by Irvin Kershner

For the handful of souls who have spent the past three years fantasizing in *Lover* Babbar, whose kids still have had dreams about the Big Bad Wolf instead of that intergalactic villain, Darth Vader, the anticipation surrounding *The Empire Strikes Back* may seem totally absurd. For the rest of us, however, who fell for the Force, who lay awake at night wondering whether Princess Leia would let down her braids and mate with Han Solo, or whether Darth Vader would survive the blowing up of the Empire's Death Star, the long-awaited sequel to *Star Wars*, Hollywood's most successful movie, could rival the Second Coming.

Setting back to that delicious introduction, "A long time ago in a galaxy far, away," reminding every flourish of John Williams' good-guy-evil-bad theme, we're transported light years, once again, into George Lucas' garden of intergalactic delights. Visually, *Empire* lives up to every expectation, and more. The when-being wondrously he tugged the seductive, convincing, stop motion animation, puppetry and a riot of optical detail. The journey, with its driving twists, is lively to look at, piddling-jumping planets at the speed of light. (Darth Vader [the body of David Prowse and the uncredited voice of James Earl Jones] has ruled the Impe-

rial Forces against the small band of freedom fighters, led by Princess Leia [Carrie Fisher], Solo [Harrison Ford] and Luke Skywalker [Mark Hamill] in a fantastic replay of *Raiders*' desert campaign. Colonel Troop, can't, in one of the most impressive set pieces, attack the rebel stronghold like a herd of Panzer tanks.

As in *Star Wars*, *Empire* spurs whenever a scene opens into action, unfortunately, as the characters are greeted, the film sinks too, mired in a dreary moment. The *Permit* with a thesis by J.R.R. Tolkien. In fact, in disguise and look, the film owns a great look to Tolkien, its more Middle Earth than outer space. *Star Wars*, Kershner's latest film are given to a puppet, Yoda, a sentiment here who speaks Middle English and looks like a cross between Billie Holiday and Miss Piggy. Of the old, great, who Chewbacca and the robots, in a walking sequence. *Star Wars* and *Empire*, have not seen out their welcome. Chewbacca, in one of the film's too touching scenes, philosophically contemplates the discomfited head of C-3PO like a hairy Bambi staring over Yoda's head, seeming more human than the humans who are reduced to lines like, "Let's get outta here!"

Producer Lucas and director Irvin Kershner save enough beyond the end of summer in challenging the traditional happy ending. The tone of the

Chewbacca and Leia, white-bling wistfully

film is much darker and the chance reveals secrets about Luke's relationship to Darth Vader. The revelations, however, leave scars that the series (*Star Wars* and *Empire* are only the outposts in a projected six-part series) with the beginning and end yet to come) will feel until it's finished. *Star Wars* was heavy and light-hearted and irresponsible—a truly young film. *Empire* is not so innocent, a young film with quite an adult mood. Lucas is bold in making us to wait, hanging-by-a-thread serial style, for the next chapter. He was all very well back in the '70s when an audience only wanted until the next Saturday afternoon to find out if Flash would live to fight in another episode. But the way wheels turn nowadays, that future seems light-years away. An intrusion of mortality could creep up on the viewer. Will we live that long? *Carlin Chaz*

The curtain goes up at Cannes

This year's Cannes Film Festival began with a joke called *Fontaine* by Quebec director Gilles Carlier starring his former girl-friend, Carol Laure, and her current boy-friend, Martin Louis Parry. The Canadian ex-

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In the press, Hynde has been compared with heroines ranging from Henry James's Isabel Archer to Vile Thrush Sandie Shaw. Her steadily, oozy crouch, however, defies gender. Garter and jacket temporarily discarded, she rolled up the sleeves of her

...abrupt, giving tough the way only boys are supposed to. Though, while Hynde toys with aggressive attitudes, she avoids looking herself into a distorted, real-life-of-the-boys persona. "Gonna use my style, gonna use my sexuality" is not an empty boast. But with this strutting celebration of braugueuse was over, she deliberately and candidly blew her cover, confiding to the audience, "I really didn't mean that." Here is a witty admission—an immediately accessible one that is quickly welcomed into the American of fans, sealing the anonymity of raw new. Now established as a norm, to better with the light seems a work of the unembellished.

David Levitt

It's not so much the issues but cultures that conflict

By Alan Fotheringham

There is a wealthy Montrealer, in his mid-40s, who seldom has heard roughly over his drink and means to bet that he was past 17 before he knew that there were French Canadians populating the city he grew up in. Bonsoir! Meant! Royal, beneath the private school and the cash-buffed racial barriers, he was never given any hint or clue that people who were, well, different, dwelled down there on the flat sweeping out to the St. Lawrence. That was, mind, only some 20 years ago, a decade after we had finished a war. There is a semi-wealthy Montreal lady of fine legs and virile combativeness who, in an argument with a Parti Québécois stalwart, is told, "Only people who are rich or happy can have a sense of humor." The PQ, being unhappy, is ruled out. There is also, to complete the scene, a Montreal midnight open-late host who says with enthusiasm, on the night of René Lévesque laying the Separatism and delivering an eloquent concision speech, that he equates Lévesque with the Rosenbergs (who were executed in the U.S. as Russian agents) and that most PQ supporters are poets and artists. "You know, they don't have a good social background."

The difficulty of determining quite who has a good social background in post-May 80 Quebec is the major problem bedeviling sociologists, drink and sky reporter-cum-bartender both. Westmount cocktails and meals on the St. Denis Strip, where an apple bottom-down in a beer joint is a worse insult than Prier Loughhead in the bar.

At midnight, a thrills of cars with flowing tender skirts and ebullient ex-husbands barrel into defiant beeping in it passes the elegant Ritz-Carlton skates on Sherbrooke, that expensive avenue. Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News-Service*.

of art galleries and artists' studios that so engross Montreal—Mayor Jean Drapeau's mansion—which goes without beribbles for the greater glory of the Big One, home of American baseball. The struggle of May 80 is not a battle of constitutional issues, but a battle of cultures.

At the Claude Ryan "non" rallies, it is middle-class, serious Quebec, content and yanked up the shoulder of the social ladder, determined to preserve them. At the Lévesque "oui" spectaculars, sweaty rock singers in beards and club-

they avenged Rocket Richard and smashed the windows in Ogilvy's. The generations and the heroes change, but the rage remains.

So do the wild misanthropes. William Safire, the *News* propagandist who has surprisingly evolved into the most interesting columnist in *The New York Times*, posited an incredible scenario last week that one of the referendum possibilities might be: "Culturally awkward-terming, economically isolated, and strategically placed next to the United States, Quebec becomes a prime target for Soviet penetration."

After Lévesque is re-elected for not delivering security as well as dignity, Communists are elected. As the referendum approaches, tens of thousands of French Canadians flee the depression and repression in Quebec to seek freedom in what used to be its sister province of Ontario. Some migrate to post-Castro, democratic, booming Cuba.

While such ignorance is spotted by intelligent friends, what chance from malevolent enemies does it hand? The best analysis yet given, while Lévesque and Claude Morin and Jacques Parizeau mark on the near horizon of their great misadventure, is that of Pierre Faur, the Toronto political scientist. He says: "You know, 50 per cent of the problems we have don't depend on what is in the constitution but on the disposition of the people renouncing the ship. It is more important to see that federalism works rather than to see if it changes."

Bag on. The still-necked Marc Lalonde, whatever the fine print, can do more to ruin federalism with his categorical attitude to the Alberta province than almost anything else. Pierre Trudeau, if he can redempt from his people's sent the Quebec he once knew, can rescue Lévesque from his humiliation. It's all a matter of ego. What's more important? A country? Or one's pride?



The Alberta Vodka Tie Breaker

THE TIE BREAKER

Info tell glass with crushed ice pour in 1-1/2 oz. Alberta Vodka. Add 2 oz. pineapple juice and 1/2 oz. club soda. Garnish with slice of pineapple.

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